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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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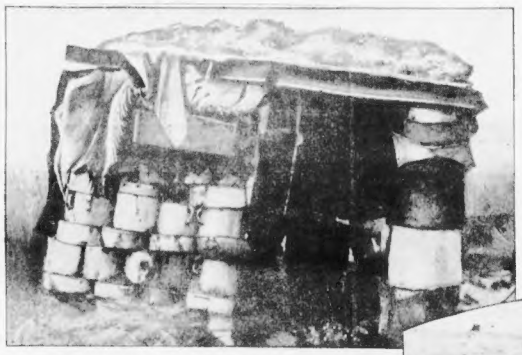
Sunday, Jan. 31, 1937

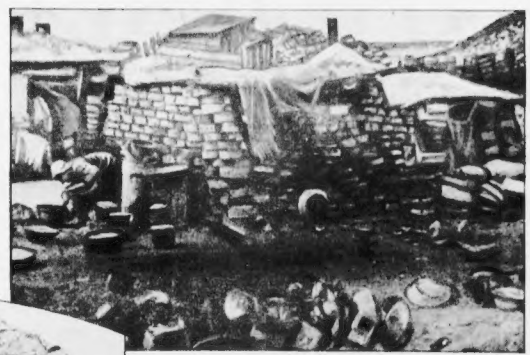
Visions of an Artist – Mirage on the Desert – Painted for This Page by Henry Clive

Village Of Huts Built Of Old Pots And Pans From The Garbage Dump



—On Left—
A Not-Too-Closely Woven Shelter on the Outskirts of Budapest, the Walls of Which Are Made Up of Old Enamel Bowls, the Roof Comprising a Patchwork of Burlap. It Serves as a Shed for a More Pretentious Dwelling.

—On Right—
The Memorable Tin Can Towns of America, in Which War Veterans Lived for a Time Are Recalled by This Picture of the Suburban Pot-and-Pan Community in Hungary.



—Below—
Home Sweet Home, the Dwelling of Zsofia Erdelyi, Who Started the Little Colony of Makeshift Real Estate Gathered From the Nearby Refuse Heaps.

BUDAPEST.

THE city fathers of the Hungarian capital do not point with pride to a little colony that has sprung up, mushroom-like, on the outskirts of their domain. But they haven't made a move to stop the growth of the community and they do give credit to the imagination and enterprise of one Zsofia Erdelyi, the woman shown standing in front of her "cottage" in one of the photographs on this page.

Miss Erdelyi, herself a victim of economic circumstances and a friend of others who are finding it hard to make ends meet, noticed the great number of pots and pans thrown out on the city's garbage dumps. At the time she was planning to build herself a shack where she could live rent-free and she was having a bad time of it finding odds and ends of lumber to erect a building that would keep out the wind and weather. Why, she wondered, wouldn't these pots and pans make excellent walls and be much easier to handle than stones, bricks or lumber?

With the cooperation of a friend who had a horse and wagon, she had several loads of the castoff cooking utensils hauled to a vacant piece of public ground well outside the city. She went to work and soon had a comfortable if not very sightly shack. Strips of burlap sacking hung over the pots and pans kept out the drafts.

Other unfortunates saw the virtues of this type of construction and began visiting the garbage dumps for similar building material. In a week the ground around Miss Erdelyi's "cottage" was littered with several thousand pots and pans and other shacks were going up, some of them larger and better built than the original pot-and-pan dwelling.

One of the more ambitious members of the odd colony had enough pots left over to put up a combination cook house and shed beside his house. This is the hut shown in the photograph at the extreme left of the page.

The colony attracted newspaper reporters and the news items they wrote about the venture, many of them illustrated with photographs, brought hundreds of additional pots and pans from interested citizens who sent the hollow "building blocks" directly to the community instead of having them hauled to the municipal dumps.

Most of the pot-and-pan homes are put up with the dishes empty but a few of the impoverished residents of the place filled the things with earth, believing that the walls would be firmer and better insulated.

How They Glorified London's "Forgotten Shop Girl"

LONDON.

A FEW weeks ago Miss Grace Hart was just another employe in Selfridge's, the British capital's biggest and most famous department store. She spent her time fussing over the curls and ringlets of the youngsters who were brought to the store by their mothers or their maids. She had found the job through an employment agency more than a year and a half ago, and was just another name on the concern's long payroll.

Today Miss Hart is the most publicized member of the Selfridge staff. Her weekly pay check is more than four times what it used to be and everyone around the big store calls her by the musical name, "Miquette." In short she is Selfridge's leading manikin, following in the famous footsteps of the celebrated Gloria and Dawn who recently resigned to start a manikin school of their own.

There was a time when the big store's board of directors used to comb the artists' studios and the theatres for their manikins but it suddenly occurred to someone that it might be well to look around "at home" before hunting elsewhere for a successor to Gloria and Dawn. So, quietly, every one of the hundreds of girls who work behind the counters of the store was observed by an eminent artist who knows beauty and grace when he sees it.

For a week this authority on pulchritude moved about the store disguised as a floor-walker. He didn't miss a bet. Sometimes, in the morning, he stood at the employes' entrance, studying faces and walks and even hands. In the whole establishment he found only six young women who, in his opinion, were eligible for the job of showing off gowns and wraps to the smart Mayfair trade. One of these was Miss Hart.

Unknown to the lucky shopgirl the "floor-walker" managed to spend several hours in the children's hairdressing department where she worked. He watched her in the morning, when she was fresh, and at night, when she was tired from the day's work. Always she smiled. Rested or tired she carried herself with grace. Her golden blonde hair was always becomingly combed. And, as the artist finally reported to the directors of the store, "this girl has genuine beauty—a typical Anglo-Saxon face with sea blue eyes, Cupid's bow lips which are at once dignified and warm, brows that flare like wings, a graceful figure and plenty of personality."

And so, to her delight and surprise, plain Grace Hart became "Miquette."

Full Length and Close-up Views of Miquette, the Forgotten Girl of London, Who Waited on Impatient Department Store Patrons for Years as Plain Grace Hart Before Her Beauty Was Recognized. Now She Is Reported to Be the British Capital's Most Beautiful Manikin.

Foiling the Mean Bicycle Thieves

BUDAPEST.

THE average citizen of Hungary is not more or less dishonest than the average citizen of any other European country, but the comparatively few people who make a business of taking things that don't belong to them seem to run especially to bicycles. For the past four or five years "snatching" the two-wheeled machines has been a racket in this city and in the country's larger centers of population. The police have had much more trouble with bicycle thieves than with bank robbers, for example. But at last their problem is made easier through a simple invention—the idea, by the way, of a policeman.

This device, as shown in the photographs below, is a license plate (all bicycles in Hungary have to be licensed, just as automobiles are) that comes apart. When the owner of a bicycle parks his machine to go into a store or call on a friend, he merely removes the bottom part of the number plate, and the word "lopott" is revealed in large and easily-read letters. This is the Hungarian word for stolen, and there are few thieves who have the nerve to ride such a plainly-marked bicycle through the streets.

So far the light-fingered gentry have been unable to figure out any way to beat the policeman's clever invention. Every license plate carries a different combination of figures, of course, and a thief would have to carry hundreds of different half-plates with him in order to match up one of the divided license tags. A license which doesn't read plainly as to numerals arouses almost as much suspicion as one with the word "lopott" on it.

England and Canada, both countries with thousands of cyclists, have had something of Hungary's problem, and it is possible they may adopt some such method of discouragement. It is reported that the head of the London police department has already been in touch with the inventor of the license plate that comes apart, and has asked for definite figures regarding the decrease in bicycle thefts since the new plates have been in use.

It is a simple matter to remove and put back the lower section of the plate, which in place makes a number, and taken off leaves half a number and the word "lopott." Two small slots are cut in the top section and a pair of clamps on the bottom section fit into these slots. Another clamp holds the two halves of the plate firmly in place when the machine is being ridden.

—Below—
Every Time the Vehicle Is Parked, the Rider Carries the Lower Half With Him, Leaving a Space in Which the Word "Lopott" Is Plainly Visible. "Lopott" Means "Stolen."

A Hungarian Policeman Invented This Clever Device for Thwarting Bicycle Thieves. Every "Bike" Carries a License Plate, but Now the Plates Are Split Into Two Halves, and—

Gold Rush Started By Pretty, Cigarette-Smoking Spook

STOCKHOLM.

A HUNDRED peasants of the Fierken District of Sweden, and as many outsiders attracted to the isolated spot in the northern part of the country, are busy digging up a 20-acre patch of stony soil which they believe is rich in gold. No one has found more than a few flakes of dust and a small nugget or two, but the community which sprung up almost over night believes there is plenty of the gleaming ore on the site because a pretty, cigarette-smoking ghost said so.

It was about a year ago, according to a peasant named Edstroem, that he met the spook when he went out in the woods near his cabin to look for a stone to form the corner of a barn-yard wall. For weeks he said nothing about the spectacle and then he confided to a couple of friends that, while he was digging at a rock with a crowbar, a good-looking woman came out of nowhere and with an ornate cigarette holder pointed to the ground beside the rock. He recalled that she said: "There is gold here," and then she vanished.

Two friends of Edstroem back him up in his account of the gold rush apparition. They say that he took them to the spot where he left his crowbar. This was several weeks after the appearance of the comely shade. They swear that they, too, saw the ghost which seemed more like a vision than a person of solid substance.

The two friends of Edstroem even added a bit to the episode and told how the ghost said, in a hollow voice: "There's as much gold here as there was in Alaska." The name Alaska didn't mean anything to them until they learned that it was the scene of a famous gold rush some years ago.

An expert with the divining rod was taken to the spot and reported that the instrument behaved as though there might be a considerable quantity of gold in the ground for a hundred yards in each direction. The peasants of the district, who say that Edstroem is no crackpot, chipped in to buy tools to prospect in the locality.

Rubber Wheels for Street Cars

SCIENCE has at last got around to doing something about the clattering wheels of street cars. In the near future fifty "rubber-wheeled" cars will be put in service on the street railway lines of Brooklyn, N. Y., the new 10 inch tires to replace present rolling stock.

The tire of the new tyres wheel is made of steel and flanged in the usual way, but the space inside the rim will be filled with rubber in such a manner that the shocks of riding over the rails will be absorbed and not imparted to the seats of the car, and the passengers sitting on those seats.

The springs for the new wheels are revolutionary in design. They are not coils or bows made up of leaves but a special sort of rubber with which engineers have been experimenting for more than six years.

Pittsburgh, Chicago, Los Angeles, Baltimore and San Diego have ordered some of the "rubber-wheeled" cars which are said to be much speedier than the present cars, as well as more comfortable and less noisy. In trial tests some of the cars made a speed of forty-two miles an hour.

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"The Boy Cinderella"—16 Acts and Many Scenes

ACT 1 — Over Ice-cream Sodas and Candy the Courtship of Mr. Tucker (16) and Mrs. Simpson (46) Begins.

ACT 2 — And Reaches Its Climax in This Act When Bloshingly He Weds His Half-Great-Aunt.

ACT 3 — But Not for Long Is All Well, for Quickly the Youthful Groom Rushes Back to Ma's Arms.

ACT 4 — But Here, After Reconciliation, the Stork Blesses—But Ma and Pa Refuse to Believe.

ACT 5 — Romance Fades—The Boy Has Grown Older and the Fairy-Godmother Says He Blackened Her Eye.

ACT 6 — Yet Romance Went On for a Time With Interruptions, but Now He's Gone Away. Is It Curtain?

But the Final Curtain Seems to Have Been Rung Down at Last on the Astonishing Comedy-Drama of Young Mr. Tucker, Who, at 16, Married His Aging Half-Great-Aunt

A GIRL who "marries herself up" from rags to riches is called a "Cinderella." Burton S. Tucker, 16-year-old grocery boy of South Essex, Massachusetts, succeeded in being a male "Cinderella," suddenly becoming the owner of a high-priced car, a closet full of "swell" clothes whose pockets were refilled with money as fast as he emptied them. But to gain all this he had to marry his "fairy godmother" who was also his half-great-aunt and at least three times his age.

People predicted that such a marriage couldn't last long. Nevertheless it lasted for months and months, but now it looks as though it was the final curtain, because Mr. Tucker has left Mrs. Tucker and when he went he vowed that this time it was for good.

The strange Tucker romance as a comedy-drama divides itself into six acts—and many scenes. It begins when young Tucker was a clerk in a country store in Massachusetts.

Burton had been promised that his $12 a week would be increased as soon as he learned the grocery business, but it looked as if there would be no end to that education. So he was somewhat discouraged on that September day in 1925 when his grandmother's millionaire half-sister, Mrs. Susan O. Simpson, arrived in limousine from New York.

Mrs. Simpson had acquired her prosperity mostly from her third husband, a wealthy minister who left all his worldly goods to his widow. It would take Professor Einstein to calculate the lady's age. At that time it was supposed to be about 46, but if this was true she must have been only 31 in 1908, when she married Edward Packham, her first husband. According to the records, she gave the age of 16, which would make her 33 in 1908. Various other hardy facts, however, are submitted by later events, confusing a couple of "dozens" ones.

At any rate she probably was plenty old enough to have been the boy's grandmother. But a grandmother especially one with a single checkbook, is as good as a fairy godmother, even if she is called a bad-great-aunt.

Young Burton, safe in mind, wished he could send out an S. O. S. for help to a better job and just then behold that the subscription on the imposing Simpson car was S. O. S. Ain't nature the nicest something for him. It did. Aunty Susan offered him cash for his grocery pay to become her chauffeur.

The boy's parents thought that would be swell, but it is hard to see into the future. They assembled Richard, his brother, and about never forgetting the afternoon of Aug. 4. A week or two later, early in October, came a message which made them regret that silence. He had followed it so well that he couldn't find married him. His half-great-aunt had become his bride and their daughter-in-law.

Rich old men have dotted poor trappers into marrying them by the lure of clothes, cars and cash. Mr. Burton's case was the reverse—he and his folks were used to having the son's head. In fiction, wicked men get their way with innocent maidens by plying them with champagne. Mrs. Simpson didn't do any of that but it is said that the car, all the way to New York, stopped not at the speakeasies of that era but at the grandest soda fountains where Burton was kept on full of candy and the most expensive sundaes that it was like a fulfillment of his childhood dream to own a candy-and-soda place of his own.

When they reached New York came new insights. His employer took him to the movies at least twice a day for the greatest thrill of all was when he wanted to see a picture but realized that it would make them late to dinner. Mrs. Simpson said:

"How can we be late to dinner? Our dining room is open till 9 o'clock and you and I can always eat there even after that."

Mrs. Tucker, who prepared and served the family meals, tolerated no idleness in either Burton's father. If that boy was very little, like the Little Tailors Tucker of the nursery rhyme, he could sing for his supper or he'll wonder! In the Burton Tucker ans good, as far as dessert was concerned.

The reason for Mrs. Simpson's libidinity was that she not only lived at the Hotel Pasadena, in New York City, but owned it. If rich old men have married cooks, nurses and secretaries to make pairs of hot-loving them, why shouldn't a poor boy marry his "fairy godmother" in order to retain her much more valuable services?

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, in their anguish, said that Mrs. Simpson had virtually kidnaped their son, but he said that he had to propose him times before she accepted him. But this marriage required some hypertonal magic which seemed to work better in New Jersey than in New York. There was supposed to be a three-day wait between issuing the license and the wedding ceremony, but somehow the elderly bride got it dated ahead on the pass. Had it been an emergency, Burton's friend that his age had been stretched from just short of 17 to 21, but this was perhaps more than compensated by the bride making hers only 46.

This later resulted in indictments against the bride, groom and three others, charged with fraud in obtaining a license and conspiracy to defeat the marriage laws of New Jersey. The three others included John J. McInnis, who succeeded Burton as chauffeur when Mrs. Simpson promoted the boy from the front to the back seat and who was a witness at the wedding. Another was George H. Grebe, registrar of vital statistics at Union Hill, N. J., accused of dating the license back two days. The third was John Mosier of Hoboken, a former Justice of the Peace, who steered them to the Rev. Robert Rollins, who tied the knot.

The minister was not criticized because the certificate looked all right and he had no way of knowing that it was not the required 72 hours old.

Those indictments did not come until a little later. Meanwhile the boy-husband is said to have received among other wedding presents from his bride a brand new limousine as well as anything else he happened to admire. At the age of 16 he was reaping more luxury than his father, who was postmaster of a small town, and his former boss, the grocery man, could ever hope to enjoy. Yet six days later he ran away from it all and remained secluded in the house of his parents.

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together," quoted his father as he announced that steps were being taken to annul that "preposterous May-December, one-sided infatuation."

But a few days later Burton disappeared, leaving word that he had changed his mind and was going back to his beloved wife. Did he miss the clothes, cash, candy, car and everything and did he dread going back to his melancholy grocery work at $12 a week and meals at only regular hours?

The postmaster said that two men who looked like detectives had been seen talking sternly to the boy and then frightened him into going back. The elder Tucker was furious and had quite a lot to say, including the following remarks:

"I would rather see my son in jail than see him married to that woman. I'll put him in jail if I can legally do so.

"This woman is a vampire in the real sense of the word. She has a sinister and evil influence over my son which robs him of his will power.

"It is not her age to which I object so much. It is the kind of life into which she is dragging him.

"It is a very undesirable sort of life for a 16-year-old boy.

"The influence he is meeting will destroy his soul.

"I know the boy will be tired of and disgusted with her in a few months. But, meanwhile, I am afraid she will completely destroy him.

"This woman tried to bribe us with her wealth to give him up."

The father then quoted her as saying: "I will buy his youth with my wealth. I have money enough to pay for it, too."

Burton's mother seemed to be infuriated by reading a description of the grandmotherly bride's trousseau, which included three pairs of black silk pajamas trimmed with yellow and blue silk.

Mr. Tucker meant what he said about preferring to see his son in jail than married to the boy's half-great-aunt because he stirred the authorities to the investigation, which resulted in the indictments. But more money-magic released the bride and groom on $5,000 bail to resume an interrupted honeymoon to Florida. When they reached Carthage, North Carolina, Susan had the car stop at a lawyer's office where a second marriage was performed, based on much the same statistics as the former one except that the bride gave herself two more years.

How this would help her case is hard to understand, but it would cause them still to be married if the first one should be annulled. When that case came up for trial the new, but old Mrs. Tucker got it postponed by writing from California that she was detained by illness of her daughter, Margaret Simpson.

And as the postponed case was again ready for trial, the somewhat startled authorities put it off again of their own accord. They learned that Mrs. Susan Tucker had just presented her boy-husband with a baby girl, at the home of Dr. Robert G. Moore in Baldwin, N. J.

Grandpa Tucker vowed that this was impossible and that it must be an adopted one. Burton, as well as his elderly bride denied this, and to prove it, two years later, had still another one which was christened Burton Jr. At that the New Jersey authorities threw up their hands and dropped the indictments on the ground that convictions were unlikely. It seems that they had not been able to agree on how old the bride really was.

No more children appearing on the scene, naturally they proceeded to adopt a third one, naming it Gloria. It is said that in 1927, Susan wanted also to adopt Richard Austyn Granville, son of the late Austin Granville, publisher and editor.

Tucker didn't mind his wife adding new members to the household by adopting children. But Granville was no child. He was nineteen and an employe in Mrs. Tucker's hotel. So, when the youthful husband heard about his wife's intentions, it is said that he showed his disapproval by pulling Richard out of his chair and knocking him down. Then he marched out of the house, apparently intending to desert his wife's bed and board, once and for all.

And it was reported he refused to come back until Richard was out of the domestic picture. Asked if he disliked the man, Burton replied:

"Not particularly, but it is plenty to have a wife old enough to be my grandmother without a son of my own age loafing around the place."

This walk-out only lasted six days, but others are said to have been longer. There were more secessions for other reasons. Sometimes his wife won him back by endearing messages and promises, and sometimes by sending the sheriff after him, but always they were reconciled during the 13 years. But as he grew older, Burton became fed up on soda-fountain drinks, and took to stronger stuff, his wife complains. However, between times they gave out interviews that they were still in love and happy as ever. Then, the other day, came what looked like the final parting.

Susan, now 58, according to her own estimate, took her 29-year-old husband into a New York City court and pointing to a puffed lip said that was one of the many places he had struck her.

"He used to work for me in the real estate business," she told the court, "but a while ago he got in with a bad crowd and has been drunk ever since. Last night he came in, snatched my wrist-watch and struck me five times. I can't support him any more."

The judge asked what had become of the million dollars she was supposed to have. She answered: "We haven't any money any more. He spent a pile of it and now he won't work."

"I've worked for her 13 years, Your Honor," Burton spoke up, "and haven't anything to show for it."

"You'll have to go back to work some more or work for the city in the workhouse," explained the judge.

Then he turned to Mrs. Tucker:

"Do you want to send him to the workhouse?"

"Why don't you send him to a sanitarium," Mrs. Tucker replied. "He wants to go down in life, not up."

"Your Honor!" shouted Tucker, "I don't want to be tied to a leash like a dog."

"Now, Mrs. Tucker, you don't want your neighbors to point at your children and say their father is in jail," said the magistrate.

"I don't want him boozing in some basement."

"Well, then it's the workhouse ——"

"Judge, judge, I'll work at anything, I'll do anything to please her."

"But what guarantee will I have?" demanded the wife.

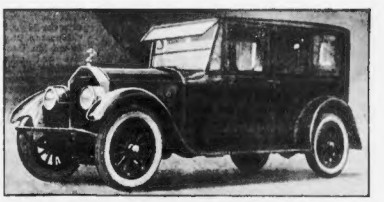
"The same guarantee you had when you got married," said the court.

After some thought, Burton allowed his wife to lead him home. But not long after that he was gone again.

Susan hears that he has returned to his mother, like a disillusioned bride. Also she thinks he will be back again.

Happy Mr. Tucker and Mrs. Tucker, His Half-Great-Aunt, on Their Wedding Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, Not Long Before the Last Curtain—He Blacked Her Eye, She Said.



The Automobile, Very Swagger at the Time, That Was Mr. Tucker's Fairy-Godmother Pumpkin Coach.

Young Papa Mr. Tucker With the First Baby His Ma and Pa Wouldn't Believe Was Genuine.

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Clawed To Death By The "Tame" Vaudeville Lion

Miss Cote and "Lil" One of the Baby Lions in the Act. They Were Photographed a Few Days Before the Fatal Encounter in the Lion's Cage.

Miss Cote at University Hospital After the Attack by the Lion.

Lobby Photograph of Gladys Cote, in the Costume Used for the "Beauty and Beast Dance," During Which She Infuriated the Lion by Striking His Head With a Piece of Iron Concealed in a Veil.

The Trainer, Noble Hamiter, Who Helped Rescue the Girl From "George" During the Stage Show, But Whose Efforts to Save Her Life Were Futile.

George, the "Sleepy" Lion, Whose Hatred for His Tormentor Finally Prompted Him to Make a Fatal Attack.

IT was less than six months ago that Gladys Cote got the notion that she could further her career as a dancer if she could persuade some trainer of wild animals to let her perform in a cage with the beasts. A letter to Noble Hamiter, owner and trainer of a troup of lions, got her the job she wanted and for three months she traveled about the country thrilling audiences as "Mademoiselle Mazure." Her stunt, performed in a big cage with several snarling, roaring lions, was billed as "Beauty and the Beast."

Today Gladys Cote is in her grave, the victim of one of the beasts who pounced on her as she was about to leave the arena after her act and clawed and mangled her so viciously that she died. The doctors at the University Hospital, in Baltimore, listed the cause of death as "gas gangrene" which developed because there was poisonous matter beneath the claws of the lion.

At the inquest, after the 20-year-old dancer's tragic end, Mr. Hamiter and other members of the company appearing at Baltimore's Hippodrome Theatre on the afternoon that a lion named "George" reverted to his jungle instincts and attacked the young woman, facts were brought out which seemed to prove that Miss Cote might still be alive if she had used better judgment.

Hamiter testified that, in looking over the dancer's costume, part of which was a flimsy veil, he discovered a heavy steel bolt sewn in one corner of the veil. Apparently, he said, Miss Cote, in order to make the beasts seem more ferocious to the audience swung the veil so that the chunk of metal struck them as she danced before them, pretending to be afraid of the big cats.

"George" bided his time, remembering the pain that the pretty dancer had inflicted on him in the course of her graceful gyrations and, the first chance he got, he struck with fatal result.

The testimony of other members of the vaudeville company seemed to show that Miss Cote had hidden the bolt in her veil because people had criticized her performance, labeling it not nearly as daring at it was supposed to be. The lions, they said, were "tame" and were too "sleepy" to be a menace to their trainer or to the dancer, who worked in the cage with him and his beasts. Because she was eager to make good she devised her own way of making the cats roar and strike out at her as she moved about the arena.

The coroner's certificate of death took all these rumors into account, for it reads: "... an unavoidable accident through the neglect and carelessness of Gladys Cote in not leaving the cage when she should have left it, and through her jealousy, personal ambition and adverse criticism."

People who were in the Hippodrome Theatre the afternoon of the tragedy never will forget the hair-raising finale of the act. Miss Cote had finished her dancing with eight lions sitting on their stools inside the big cage. She started for the barred door leading to the exit from the cage. In the split second during which her back was turned to the lions, "George" sprang at her. The girl, sensing that something had gone wrong, threw herself to the floor, and the lion struck her just as the curtain dropped to the stage.

A juggler hustled out from the wings and began his act, in an effort to keep the members of the audience from stampeding. He did manage to calm the crowd somewhat but everyone in the house could hear the girl's screams, the frantic shouts of men and women backstage and the firing of pistols. A minute later, when the din had subsided, a man came out on the stage and announced that there was no danger and no further cause for excitement.

Bovine Battles Without a Matador

THE Swiss are a kindly, intelligent people who wouldn't think of legalizing bullfights within the mountain-bound borders of their little republic. They have little in common with the hot-blooded Spaniards who make a national pastime of the slaughter of bulls, not to mention the goring of horses in the course of the bloody divertissement. Yet the photograph at the right was snapped in Switzerland and might indicate that the natives of that country are not above a little bovine violence now and again.

The animals in the picture are not bulls; they are cows. And although they are "mad" at each other and really going to it with their horns, they didn't do any real harm to one another. The heavy collars around their necks prevented them from inflicting any serious wounds.

The cows themselves are not savage battlers. They are content to lock horns and push each other around. They snort and bellow a little and try to throw each other, but there's nothing blood-thirsty about them and they quit their batting and shoving after one of the contestants has made it plain that she has enough.

The Swiss herdsmen keep a sharp eye on the battlers just in case one of them is much more strenuous than the other and shows a tendency to do any serious goring. The moment that a cow is down or plainly beaten in the struggle the contest is stopped and the next pair is led into the arena to amuse the onlookers.

Two of Switzerland's Fighting Cows Wearing the Heavy Collars Which Keep Them From Doing Any Real Damage to One Another. The Collars Are Fitted With Bowl-Shaped Bells.

Plant Leaf That Floats a Man

TO botanists, as well as people who know nothing much about the oddities of the vegetable kingdom, the leaf of the Giant Victoria lily, native to the waters of the Amazon, is one of Nature's wonders. As the photograph below shows, these leaves grow to immense size and are so big and buoyant that they can easily support the weight of a man. The intricate system of branches and veins which spread out from the main stem on the underside of the leaf makes it look very much like a vegetable waffle.

The leaf in the picture is one of many such leaves that float in the peaceful waters of a London park. The original plant from which it grew was raised from Victoria lilies brought from South America many years ago by a British scientist who never had seen such vegetation before. He named the discovery—well known to the Indians who live along the shores of the Amazon for centuries—after Queen Victoria, and in all the botany books the remarkable water plant bears the famous name of one of England's most beloved rulers.

It isn't often that visitors to the British park see the bottom of the great green leaves that drift gracefully on the surface with their long stems rising from the muddy bottom. The leaves are a dark and shiny green and are handsome as well as large.

The lily pad shown in the photograph is not a record specimen by any means. Botanists who have browsed about the headwaters of the Amazon taking pictures and making notes have found some of the leaves 12 feet and more in diameter.

It is said that the architect who designed the Crystal Palace, recently destroyed by fire, got the idea for the great arching roof of the structure from one of these sturdy leaves.

Joe Randazza, Four Years Old, the Fattest Boy in America, Consuming Half a Dozen Sodas in a Gloucester, Massachusetts, Drug Store, Where He Shines as Its Best Customer.

Champ Fat Boy Best Soda Customer

THE drug stores in Gloucester, Massachusetts, would do a record-breaking soda fountain business if all the youngsters in the community were as fond of the drinks as four-year-old Joseph Randazza, Jr.—and if they had the capacity that this unusual boy has. It is no trouble at all for Joe to set himself down at a table and dispose of half a dozen sodas, each with a big chunk of ice cream in it, before he feels filled up.

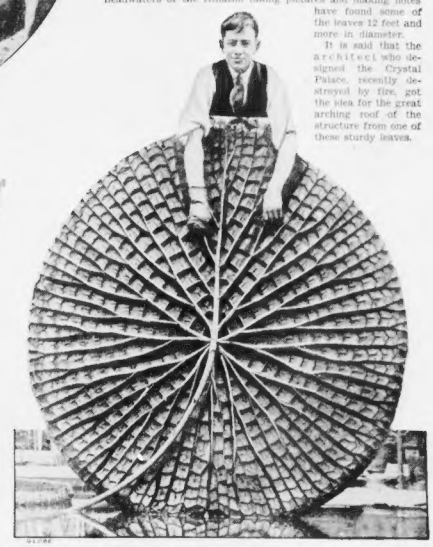
Perhaps there are in the world three or four other four-year-olds who can compare with the Massachusetts boy in weight and size. But there probably aren't more than that, for he already weighs more than 150 pounds and is putting on weight at the rate of three or four pounds a month. He is, of course, a glandular case, and some of his glands are working overtime in spite of all that doctors can do to check his growth.

A year ago the Gloucester boy gained considerable attention when he was, unofficially, entered in a race with Leslie Bowles, of Lowestoft, England. On his third birthday, the British boy tipped the scales at 110 pounds and was growing even faster than Joseph. Just how much Young Bowles weighs today hasn't been reported in Gloucester yet, but the natives can't believe that their champion has been surpassed.

As is usually the case with abnormally fat youngsters, both the English lad and his American rival are exceptionally fond of sweets. If they weren't, or if their folks kept them away from such things as chocolates and ice cream sodas, they might gain weight less rapidly, although most doctors agree that, no matter what their diet is, they probably will continue to pile on poundage at the rate of three or four pounds a month until they reach maturity, or medical science finds a way to do something for them.

Joseph is much less of a "freak" than Leslie. He never had any difficulty in walking as soon as he was old enough to totter around on his chubby legs, but the British boy was so fat and heavy for his height that he couldn't stand erect on his third birthday. His father or mother had to lift him into a chair, when he wasn't sitting on his broad haunches or crawling awkwardly across the floor. Joseph, almost as fat, and heavier for his years, stood very solidly on his legs and even proved that he was able to get around as well and as fast as most youngsters half his size.

Physicians who have examined the young man who thinks nothing of doing away with half a dozen ice cream sodas at a single sitting estimate that, by the time he is 21, he may weigh as much as 400 pounds, perhaps more. They also explain that his glands may straighten themselves out before then and keep him from becoming what the wrestling promoters call a "man mountain."



The Huge Leaf From the Victoria Regina Plant, Which Flourishes in the Amazon Region. Its Design Was Followed in the Crystal Palace, Which Burned Recently in London.

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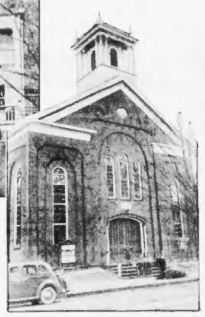
Shoplifting Was a "Scientific Experiment" She Said

Professor Laird, the Distinguished Psychologist, Explains Why Science Is a Poor Alibi for Criminals and Thrill Seekers

Dr. Hope Dilts, a Woman Doctor Who Was Caught Stealing Things in a Boston Department Store and Explained That It Was an Experiment in Shoplifting in Her Research Work.

Alan Schumm, Who Killed His Father and Nearly Killed His Mother to Find Out How Persons Would Meet Death With Christian Fortitude.

The Parish House and Rectory of Rev. Dr. Gregory, Who Was Arrested and Convicted of Assaulting Women and Gave an Excuse to Which the Court Paid No Attention.



St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church at Northport, Long Island, Where the Rev. Dr. John Lester Gregory Is Pastor.

Alan Schumm Knocked on the Bedroom Door of His Parents One Night and Shot Them Both to See Whether God Would Really Protect Worthy People From the Bullets Fired at Them, He Claimed.

By DONALD A. LAIRD,
Ph.D., Sc.D., Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

HOPE DONAWAY DILTS, attractive bride of two weeks, left her osteopathic practice in Maine to do some shopping in Boston. Detectives watched her pick up various articles which she did not pay for in three Boston stores, and in the third store she was arrested. They found on her five neckties, a toilet set, two beach pins, a hat, a scarf, a woman's undervest, a pair of corsets, and two men's shirts.

When she was taken to police headquarters she told them a story which the puzzled detectives are still trying to figure out. It was obvious to them that she did not need the eighteen dollars' worth of merchandise she had taken, for she had a large banking account of her own and considerable property which she had recently inherited.

But what puzzled the experienced detectives the most was the glib explanation she gave them of why she took the merchandise.

"This was a scientific experiment," she told them. "In keeping with the research work I am doing, I had to obtain first hand information as to the thoughts and reactions of criminals to the act of stealing and pursuit. I intended to return the articles immediately after the experiment."

In court, however, her attorney had to plead for mercy for his glib osteopathic client, and did not use the claim of an experiment.

"She can explain her condition only as the result of the breaking of a pent-up hypertension," he pleaded, "caused by the death of her mother last December, the responsibility of caring for property since that time, and her marriage two weeks ago."

If her previous claim that it was all a "scientific experiment" had not already puzzled Judge Daniel J. Gillen, of the Central Municipal Court of Boston, that plea of her attorney certainly did, so Mrs. Dilts was let off with a sentence of six months' probation after being shown guilty of larceny.

The detectives, however, are still divided into two camps about her case. Some think that the shoplifting, as a scientific experiment, was probably the truth, while most of them say that such a claim was just an alibi for a person caught red-handed with the goods and they say it was a pretty clever alibi at that.

Whether it was an alibi or not, it is plain that it would have been a pretty poor experiment. Mrs. Dilts, it is obvious from her bank account, did not need the things she took, and her mental state could not in any way be compared with that of the poverty-stricken mother who steals a loaf of stale bread to feed her children. Neither would a person learn anything about the mental state of the true kleptomaniac by picking up a few odds and ends in department stores, because the kleptomaniac has an overwhelming obsession which cannot be controlled; the stealing of the kleptomaniac is compulsive and, in a sense, against his own wishes, while such an experimenter deliberately and intentionally took the merchandise without there being any blind compulsion about it.

If it was "an experiment," as Mrs. Dilts asserted at first, it certainly was not an experiment as scientists plan them.

Police court records reveal many interesting instances. A correspondence school evangelist was caught in a police raid on a notorious dance hall, where the girls wore very little clothes. As the police closed in he left the embrace of the taxi-dancer and rushed to the bluecoats saying he was just trying to break away through the crowd to telephone the police. Investigation showed that he also devoted much of his time visiting women in houses of ill-repute for the purpose of "urging them to lead better lives," he said.

Sudden death revealed the shady side of the life of a Wisconsin clergyman, pastor of a church of some importance. He was in the habit of picking up women on the street and taking them to hotels, and one night he expired from heart disease in a room with a woman and his secret was out.

A few days ago the newspapers reported the strange case of Rev. Dr. John Lester Gregory, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church at Northport, L. I. Two women accused the clergyman of coming to their homes pretending he was a physician and inducing them to undress so he could examine their artificial legs. He then assaulted them, they testified. The reverend gentleman told the judge he went to obtain information about artificial limbs for several members of his congregation. Two years in jail, said the judge. The minister appealed, said the charges were "blackmail."

There are many young people, though, who develop the interesting idea that the only way to learn about things is to do them. They think they should live in the red-light districts for a while, and use some drugs to see what being a drug addict is like. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred these young folk are not interested in science, but are using that as an alibi for wrongdoing.

One of the strangest "scientific" alibis ever presented to detectives was offered by seventeen-year-old Alan Schumm, who awakened his father and mother late one night, asked them if they believed in prayer, and when told they did, declared, "then you had better start praying," and shot and killed his father and seriously wounded his mother.

The young boy had never used liquor, and apparently had no other bad habits. There was no argument preceding the shooting. When detectives asked him why he had shot his own parents he declared:

"Throughout religious history, even back in the days of the pagan gods, divinities were supposed to guard good people from harm. Today there is much doubt in the world as to the existence of a hereafter. Knowing my father and mother to be good people, I wanted to see whether God would protect them from the bullets I fired."

Alan's alibi did him little good, for the police locked him up on a murder charge.

Leopold and Loeb, the "thrill killers" who beat little Bobby Franks to death in Chicago twelve years ago, offered a somewhat similar excuse when finally trapped. They told authorities they wanted to observe the reactions of a child being murdered." Both were sentenced to prison for life and Loeb was killed by a fellow convict a few months ago.

In New York, Rudolph Jonach, a diamond cutter, walked out of the wholesome atmosphere of the Y. M. C. A. into the scarlet rendezvous conducted by Eva Morgan. If it was Jonach's idea to observe what the other half of the world lived like, he saw plenty. While a "guest" in Miss Morgan's flat with several women, he saw three gunmen hold up Miss Morgan, another "hostess" and nine customers, including himself, and kill a policeman who broke in on them.

Science does not reach conclusions by the study of just one person's experience. Many persons have to be studied. Talking with a dozen shoplifters gives much better scientific knowledge than one scientist going out and doing a little law-breaking himself. Dr. Wilhelm Stekcel, of Vienna, is the world's outstanding authority on kleptomania, for instance, yet he has never gone out on a shoplifting spree himself, he has, however, analyzed dozens of shoplifters who appeared incurable. He knows more about the impulses of shoplifters than the thieves themselves do.

When judges want to find out something about how criminals think and are treated, they do not go out and commit robbery themselves. Instead they do as Judge Michael A. Musmanno, of Pittsburgh, and Judge Harry D. Landis and his son of Seward, Nebraska, recently did, namely, arrange to be taken to prison for a few days under an alias. But there was no thrill in these experiences, for Judge Landis and his son got no favors since only the warden knew their identity. Father and son were kept in solitary confinement the first three days, as is the prison custom, after which the father was put to work in the chair factory and the son assigned to dig and load clay. They did nothing criminal themselves, but were given splendid opportunities to observe a large number of criminals.

A few young law students usually develop the idea that they should go on a slumming expedition, use a bit of dope, and otherwise demoralize themselves to find out about criminals from first hand information. But they no more find out how the criminal thinks than they would find out about the physician's mind by putting on a white coat and taking a dying man's pulse.

It is true that bona fide scientific experimenters sometimes run afoul of the law. At Harvard, for instance, the late Wallace Sabine was working on some experiments on noise, important experiments which laid the foundations for our present knowledge of acoustics and noise control. Professor Sabine was working in an old barn, and making all sorts of noises, with various gadgets, during the night hours. The policeman on the beat heard these noises and traced them to their source. At first the cop was going to arrest the kindly professor, but Dr. Sabine explained some of the discoveries to the officer, who became so interested that soon he was a regular nightly visitor who was eager to see how the experiments were progressing.

I was nearly arrested once, myself, and in Boston, too, in connection with some scientific observations. It was the week of the execution of the radicals, Sacco and Vanzetti. I was in Boston and, as usual, was carrying an audiometer for measuring noise with me. After the evening meal I took the audiometer and walked to the subway, planning to make noise measurements on the subway trains. But as soon as I got through the turnstile at the subway entrance four or five husky men rushed up to me and took the audiometer away from me. At first I thought I was in a band of robbers, but it quickly developed that they were officers placed to guard the subway against the possibility of some radical sympathizer of Sacco and Vanzetti blowing up the subway with a bomb. They had thought the instrument was an infernal machine.

But when a young person, or an old one for that matter, goes out deliberately to break some law, or do something recognized as sinful or risky and calls it an experiment—don't let them fool you. It will not help science and has good chances of harming the person himself, or herself. Students of sociology and of law are especially inclined to think they should get in a few disreputable mix-ups themselves. And occasionally some theological student preparing himself for the ministry gets the notion that he can fight sin more intelligently if he has indulged in quite a bit of it himself.

These people, as a safe bet, can be diagnosed on sight and unseen as at least somewhat neurotic, which makes their so-called scientific observations all the more worthless.

When a bona fide scientist does perform an experiment on himself it is usually something unpleasant and painful, not the pleasurable, thrilling thing that a young sociology student indulges in when he "experiments" to see what a house of ill-repute is like. Dr. J. E. Purkinje, the famous Czechoslovakian neurologist who first traced the path of the nerves from the eyes in their tortuous course through the brain, experimented on visual disturbances on himself. To get his eyes awry he took enormous doses of digitalis, which nauseated him severely. Nothing as pleasurable as a slumming party in that.

And Professor E. W. Scripture, who founded the psychology laboratory at Yale, used his own eyes to study the effects of intense arc lights and became temporarily blind. English scientists opened the muscles in their own arms and cut deep-lying nerves to see how the working of the arms muscles and sensations was affected. Some twenty years ago I had a hand severely cut, and before the surgeons sewed it up we experimented with the sensations I received from the listed and severed nerve fibers which were exposed for convenient view; the observations made on this surgeon's table are now included in many textbooks.

It is obvious that when scientists do experiment on themselves, it is usually because the work will be an unpleasant, or downright painful, possibly hazardous to life itself—that they cannot get other people to volunteer as a subject for the experiment. This is in marked contrast to the enjoyment of sin or lawbreaking which many young folks try to justify on the basis that they are experimenting.

When they tell you that they are doing it for an experiment, don't believe them. They are not interested in adding to the sum total of human knowledge or advancing science. They are simply out for a good time, or cannot control their impulses, and try to think up a good excuse so they will not be stopped or thrown in the jail house.

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New Style Furniture Safe From Sheriffs

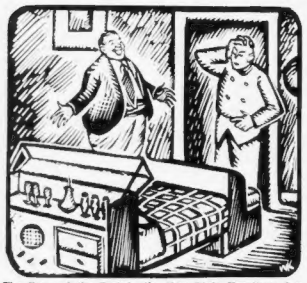
A CROWD stood in front of a shop in the Graf Zichy Jeno-Street in Budapest, Hungary, staring at a sign in the shop window. The words on the sign were interesting enough, yet the people who stood gazing at it could not make much sense out of them. "No more happy homes broken up! Buy my furniture—do not fear the sheriff!"

The crowd gathered in front of the shop window was greatly interested in the apparently "sheriff-proof" furniture. In the present depression a visit from the sheriff in the house of formerly well-to-do people is not an unusual occurrence. But the spectators suspected a trap and only a few thought it worth while to go into the shop and inquire what the mysterious words meant.

Vilmos Melicher, the owner of the shop, a cabinet-maker, revealed the secret of his "sheriff-proof" furniture to those who were interested. His idea was simple and original. It was based on a paragraph in Hungarian law which says: pieces of absolutely necessary furniture, such as beds or wardrobes, cannot be seized by the sheriff in payment of debts or taxes.

So, Melicher conceived the idea of making furniture which is beautiful and yet defies the sheriff. He showed a luxurious private bar, glittering with metal and glass, with all the necessary equipment to mix first-class drinks. The bar, a piece of luxury furniture which, under ordinary circumstances would be the first to be seized in case of foreclosure, was absolutely safe from being removed since it was inseparably joined to the bed, built in one piece with a necessary article, which the owner could not do without and which is protected by the law.

A bookshelf, a glass case for holding valuable trinkets, a radio and other similar pieces of furniture which the law considers to be luxuries, are built by Melicher into wardrobes, so constructed that they can only be separated from each other by an axe. Since the law not only protects the bed and the wardrobe from foreclosure but also stipulates that one piece of furniture cannot be separated from the other by force, any such article is safe from the sheriff, no matter how large the owner's debt. Chairs and tables are also built in one with the bed or with the wardrobe so that



The Bar and the Seat in the New Style Furniture Are Safe From Seizure Because They Are Structurally Part of the Bed, Which Is, Under the Law, Immune.

no furniture made by Melicher has ever been in danger of being seized by legal procedure.

Melicher is trying to have his idea patented and he is now making inquiries whether the same law which applies to the foreclosure on furniture in Hungary, also holds good in other countries. If it does, he wants to introduce his system to other nations knowing that many people would be happy to have "sheriff-proof" furniture, which is just as good looking as any other sort.

Melicher got his idea at the melancholy occasion when a relative of his, a doctor's wife, had the greater part of her furniture taken away by the law's officers. The family had seen better days and the flat was full of valuable objects. But patients don't seem very keen about paying doctor's bills these days, and the doctor got deeper and deeper into debt. At last the creditors foreclosed. The doctor sat staring in despair at the busy officials who took stock of the furnishings of a happy home and made ready to remove them. His wife sat sobbing in a corner, and the baby as if feeling instinctively that something sad was going on, cried bitterly. It was a depressing sight and Melicher could not forget it. He set about finding ways and means to construct furniture upon which the sheriff could on no condition foreclose. He finally hit upon his idea, made the plans, took them to a lawyer to make sure that furniture constructed in this way was "sheriff-proof." The lawyer assured him the new furniture could not be seized legally.

Melicher says that his "new style" furniture is very popular among young couples who are wise enough to know that hard times may be ahead of them. He proudly announces that so far, none of his customers have failed to pay his bills. No matter how hard up they are, his customers consider him to be their benefactor.

Mr. Melicher's glory, say the public officials, is likely to be only shortlived. Revising old and honored laws is a slow process, and during the interval between the State's recognition of his clever way of fooling the sheriff and the enactment of new statutes to offset his advantage, and the advantage to his customers, perhaps he will enjoy two years as a benefactor. But it is certain, the officials say, that the legislators will eventually catch up with him and outlaw the sheriff-proof furniture.

It is illegal, of course, in his country for the furniture designer to advertise that his products are designed to get around the law. His display advertising is legal, but he cannot place any emphasis on the legal phases. That sort of advertising has to get around by word of mouth. This slows up his sales, naturally.

Mr. Melicher undoubtedly is a clever man, however, and may already be thinking ahead of the legislators. But whether he can keep ahead in the race with the sheriff is the interesting question.

Unfortunately, the instances where the sheriffs have come to seize furniture, only to find Mr. Melicher's law-proof creations blocking their processes, have been too few. How a court or jury would regard his structural evasion of the law has not been put to the test. Juries have a way, too, of getting over the rough legal spots. But at the moment, the Melicher customers, providing they have good lawyers, stand to enjoy a certain amount of immunity.

What Women Don't Want To Hear Over The Radio

THE radio broadcasting people have learned something recently. Their notion used to be that because housewives spend their lives in the house from attic to kitchen, dusting, sweeping, making beds, cooking, setting the table and washing dishes—that must be the sort of thing women were interested in. But so many complaints came to the studios about the tiresome broadcasts of cooking recipes and household suggestions that the radio officials began to wonder if their point of view was wrong. Surveys, questionnaires and invited gatherings revealed the fact that pots and pans bore the women to death and they tune out on the very programs that were imagined to be just what the housewife was crazy to listen to.

The British Broadcasting Corporation was astonished to discover this fact when it called together leaders of women's groups to talk over the problem of women's features and how to improve them. Nobody wanted the housekeeping features to begin with, but this became clear only after some time. Each group made the impression that other women might want to hear the features. Mothers believed their daughters might benefit from the programs, and daughters believed them interesting to their mothers.

But when women began to complain about the time of the broadcasts, the secret was out. Many objected to the time of the day that the features were aired, but nobody could think of a better time. In other words, the women were able to think of something they would rather do, or believed more important, for every minute of the day. That didn't look so good for the women's features.

Some of the Women Complaining of the Dull Radio Programmes Confessed They Were at Times Tempted to Throw the Receiving Apparatus Out of the Room.

Then it was pointed out that recipes broadcast over the radio could be taken just as well from cookery books. When read over the air, such recipes might cause any number of mistakes. A woman might not catch the name or amount of an ingredient or two, and have no way of finding out, with the result that some horrid dish would be cooked. Many a husband has made a wry face at the soup and, on asking what made it taste so queerly, been told that "it was the static."

There is another reason why a cook book is better than radio recipes, according to the women whose advice had finally been sought. With a cook book it is possible to cook what one wants instead of what the radio speaker has a mind to suggest. Then too, it is much neater to have all the menus in one book instead of scribbled out on brown bags and old scraps grabbed up in a hurry in order to catch the words of a recipe as they come rushing out of a loud speaker. Anything is harder to find than yesterday's newspaper, it is last minute's broadcast.

A further complaint that the women had to offer against cookery talks was that these were sometimes condescending, or as they put it, "sniffy." If a woman is so sensitive about being high-hatted over the radio, it was taken to mean that she resents her position in relation to the speaker. She is not in a hurry to admit that another woman can teach her anything about how to cook or keep house. Not only that, but radio speakers did not seem to realize that most persons do not like fancy, frothy dishes which are expensive to make, and that it is good, substantial meals that are wanted.

But cookery is only a small part of women's radio features, and other parts also were objected to. Instead of general theoretical health talks not based on practical experience, the women asked for a nurse actually engaged in health work to tell them what to do before the doctor comes.

Again and again the women made it clear that they do not exist just in the home and only for the home. In the home, of course, they had to stay most of the time but their longing was to get away from it. They wanted to hear about women famous in other countries, about careers and openings for themselves and their children, about women's part in arts and government. One woman wanted novels to be read over the radio, a few chapters at a time, and her argument was that since novels are read more than poetry or plays, they should also have a place on the radio.

Why, the women asked, must British radio announcers always be men? But it is even worse to have entertainment roped off into a separate section of the daily offerings and labeled, as it were, "for women only." But a representative from the broadcasters asserted that women are considered in all general programs as well and are therefore not being discriminated against.

The women did not want to hurt the feelings of the broadcasters, who after all were trying to be nice to them, by admitting that they turned the dial in a hurry whenever a woman's program came on. But some readily admitted that they were oftimes tempted to throw the receiver out of the house. Jazz and political discussions, they said, were preferable to dull and stupid household suggestions. The broadcasting companies weigh their listeners' reactions by the letters that come in. A housewife who will without a second's thought turn off a cookery broadcast in favor of a dance tune will usually find it too much trouble and a little bit foolish to write in asking an end to women's features and an increase of jazz. As a result, the musical and variety programs do not have a full mail indication of their wide popularity, nor the women's features of their unpopularity.

In America, a group of surveys launched by the Columbia Broadcasting System also proved, even more sharply, that women are bored by talks about pots and pans. Possibly this is so because American women have more labor-saving gadgets and machines than the British, and so find housekeeping less of a problem needing outside advice. A Dayton, Ohio, survey, made by a questionnaire being mailed to every 26th telephone user, showed women's features coming eleventh in preference. Whatever the reason, news reports are reported as being 400 per cent more popular. Drama and comedy both are listed as being 300 per cent more popular, and music both classical and popular likewise arouses three times as much interest. Even political speeches are sometimes interesting.

A Syracuse survey of 969 women, made by house-to-house interviews, showed an interest in serial programs more than 125 times greater than in domestic features. Comedy news and variety programs appeared to be about 65 times more popular. To be sure, these proportions are far from accurate because the householder was asked to name a program in each group, and even those who listen to domestic programs do not usually bother to remember the name of the sponsor or speaker. But the surveys do show which way the wind blows. A great many newly enlightened sponsors of food products is usually advertised with musical programs. They have learned that while a man's interest can be captured through his stomach, a woman's is obtained through her feet, by giving them a tune to dance to.

Of course, in America, the problem of pleasing some listeners is different from that in England. The British system of broadcasting places program authority in the hands of the wireless officials themselves, and there are no commercial programs to worry about. But in this country, before many of the objectionable programs can be ruled off the air, the network owners must sell, in many cases, the sponsors of commercial shows the idea that the broadcasts are objectionable.

One of the most difficult things in the world is convincing a sponsor that his programs are faulty—if they happen to be selling his product at a merry pace.

Twelve Times A Bride But Never Once A Widow

MRS. ALBERT SWANSON, 58, of San Antonio, Texas, who first trod the middle-aisle as a girl of 15, has said "I do" 12 times. There were only 11 husbands, however, as one of them did a repeat performance. Off-setting that repetition, which might be a blight on her record, is the fact she has worn widow weeds for none of the gentlemen. All went their way from her via the courts.

Among the eleven are a gambler, painter, telegraph operator, three war veterans, an auto mechanic, a ranch foreman, a railroad man, an electrician and a carpenter. It was the painter who doubled.

Her full name is Mrs. Albert Mater Gerard Becker Borgar Smith Rodman Davis Sutton McDowell Hazeldine Swanson. The freight-train lineup of names does not signify any alimony receipts, however, she eschews that. She has only two children as evidence of her many marriages. Incidentally, she has a sister who has been wed seven times and a 19-year-old niece who has had three mates.

Mrs. Swanson, 58, moved back to Texas from California recently with her present husband, a 67-year-old paralyzed war veteran. Texas is her home, her birthplace being a South Texas ranch.

"I learned to ride a horse and brand a steer by the time I was ten years old," she said. She still hankers after the great open spaces.

Her first marriage was to Lonnie Mater at Cotulla, Texas. She was divorced in six years. Not until she was 27 did she again essay the married state. Painter Will Gerard she divorced after seven years, went back to him in three months, but after 10 months more called it quits. Gerard was from Austin, Texas.

Fred R. Becker, a San Antonio telegraph operator, was next. She married him on a Thursday, left him Saturday when he "turned up drunk". Becker died of heart disease shortly afterwards. They were separated, but not divorced. She figured widow weeds were not necessary, however, in view of the separation.

In 1915 she moved to California, married W. C. Borgar, Confederate vet. They were divorced four months later.

Husband No. 5 was an automobile mechanic, W. T. Smith. Their New Mexico marriage lasted seven years. Mrs. Swanson then married John A. Rodman, a ranch foreman in California. That marital boat went on the rocks in 10 months.

In 1925 she became the bride of Will Davis, that was October.

She left him New Year's Day when appropriately enough for a railroader he came home with several too many sidecars under his belt, singing "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

Frank M. Sutton, electrician of San Francisco, was next. They were wed in Mexico, but the wedding was on the rocks in three months.

Clayton McDowell, a California carpenter, lasted two years. She got a divorce in Oregon. Simeon Hazeldine, a pensioned 75-year-old veteran, was next. Again the marriage lasted 10 months.

She and Albert Swanson plan to move back to California soon.

"Could I write a book?" she rhetorically asks.

Dreams Found To Be Merely Relaxed Thoughts

DREAMS are nothing more or less than "sleep thinking." In making this announcement recently, William R. Atkinson, a professor of psychology at Memphis University, Tennessee, meant that science no longer accepts the ancient belief that dreams are caused by some outer spirit or power entering the mind. Therefore, it does not take magic to understand a dream, he says; only the "politics" in back of a dream need be known, the way a political cartoon can be understood.

The "politics" of a dream are the life history of the dreamer, and as the right person to interpret a dream is the one who had it, because of the direct experience. Knowing oneself is enough because it is not possible to dream about something not personally experienced or heard of. In other words, dreams stick close to reality, and are shaped by one's past. In going to sleep, one does not enter another mental or physical world, but just continues to live out the daily habits, except that emotions are less under control than usual.

Even though a dream is based on the commonplace, the barriers of time and space are let down. In a dream, almost anything can happen, and what happens does not have to be logical. It is possible, in a dream, to fly like a bird, or to go from one country to another without seeming to move. Persons no longer alive are met without any feeling of shock or surprise.

Dreamland can be such a topsy-turvy place because the power of the real world over thoughts is not very strong during sleep and does not keep them in control. There is, in dreams, no awareness of "what people will say" to check wild thinking.

Those waking thoughts which do not fit into the accepted ideas are dropped like hot coals. Acquaintances who always let their imagination get the better of their tongues are called "cracked"; yet inventors and artists are able to find much that is valuable in new and unaccepted ways of looking at experience. Many authors like to write in a half-wakeful state, because partly hypnotized by sleep they are able to find new, unexplored things to say; for a dream is really a crowded rearrangement of past experience.

Because there is so little control over them, dreams

Sensations of Falling From Great Heights While Dreaming Are Now Recognized to Be Caused by Irregular Heartbeats of Some Types of Organic Strain.

sometimes manage to work out solutions to difficult situations or problems. But this, rather than being the work of "spirits," is the result of giving up and resting certain neural pathways in the brain. For sleep, often called the great healer, rests the tired mind and so allows it to appear that problems have been solved by dreams. "Sleeping over a proposition" is a saying which suggests that rest, rather than inspiration, is all that is expected.

Although the ancients may have been wrong about the meaning of dreams, they knew that dreams distort the small sounds and incidents of night. Thus, Aristotle told how in a dream "one imagines that one walks through fire and feels hot, if this or that part of the body becomes slightly warmed." In the same way, if a foot gets uncovered in cold weather, "sleep thinking" works on the theory that one is walking on ice.

More often, dreams are the result of troubles inside the body. "Dreams may come from a pimple" is a popular saying that recognizes how this and other parts of the body keep the brain mildly stimulated all night. Tired muscles, tastes in the mouth, eye sensitivity, breathing, heart beat, and digestion, all excite sleep thinking. Irregular heart beats, for example, may cause the sensation of falling from a great height. When some organ of the body is under a severe strain, nightmares may result.

The eye is so near the brain that this has been given as a reason why "sleep thought" is usually in pictures instead of ideas. But the fact that dreams appear as pictures does not seem to be reason enough why dreams should tend to fade as soon as one awakens. Perhaps this happens because a mind's thoughts ramble at night without control; and this is the same as if a person were to roam his fingers over piano keys without knowing music. Such a person is not able to remember and repeat.

But Professor Atkinson has found a simpler explanation. First, he explodes the perennial theory that one dreams only before waking. One dreams all through sleep, he says, in the sense that the mind is disturbed all the time; it percolates and simmers and now and then boils over. But most of these dreams are not remembered any more than the countless daily thoughts which stream swiftly through the mind.

Dreams are not so much "subconscious" as "less conscious" thinking. In sleep the brain of a reasonable being seems to turn into the brain of a fool, for it has no order. This gave rise to the interesting belief that lunatics are persons who dream all the time, even when awake.

Actually, a dream is just the "froth of thinking," and does not foretell the future any more than waking thoughts do, if as much, according to the professor. The materials of a dream are the past. Personality, age, sex, station in life, education—all these help decide what one's dreams are to be about.

The trouble in the scientist's opinion is that while only a few dreams come true by sheer coincidence, these are remembered; and the many which do not come true are usually forgotten. Of course, many dreams are just wistful thinking, as is shown by the popular saying, "I wouldn't dream of doing that."

Dreams, the professor concludes, are dangerous only if taken seriously, because then they may cause unhappiness.

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Loves His Talking Doll So Much He Leaves It $10,000

Ventriloquist Bergen Explains Why He Has Left a Fund to Keep "Charlie McCarthy" Alive After His Own Death --- Another Ventriloquist's Mechanical Partner So Real His Wife Named It as Corespondent; the Mutilation of Another Drove Its Chinese Master Crazy

Ventriloquist Dexter and His "Charlie," Which Mrs. Dexter Named as "Corespondent" in Her Divorce Suit.

Sally Osman (Mrs. Dexter), Who Complained That "Charlie," the Dummy, Had Wrecked Her Marriage.

Ventriloquist Bergen and His Famous Dummy, "Charlie McCarthy," to Which He Has Left $10,000.

THE ventriloquist's dummy seems very much alive to the audience — but strangely enough, even more so to the man who makes his living by putting words in its mouth. Ching Ling Foo, famous Chinese ventriloquist, lost his mind when an enemy "murdered" his beloved dummy, "Ling Ting Pu," by hacking it to pieces. Australian ventriloquist, Herbert Dexter, lost his wife, Sally Osman, on account of the "mean behavior" of his dummy "Charlie" — and now Edgar Bergen, American ventriloquist, has bequeathed a fund of $10,000 to make sure that his "Charlie McCarthy" will live forever and keep on talking after his present partner is dead and in the grave.

This affection which seems so curious is really natural and inevitable. The dummy is not only his bread and butter but, to become a first-rate ventriloquist, a man must release his art as long and faithfully as does a violin soloist and always with the dummy. For instance, Bergen spends more time conversing with Charlie McCarthy" than he does with all his flesh and blood friends put together. Psychologists say that this results in causing the little, mechanical man to represent its owner's secondary personality.

When an ordinary person is in doubt about an important decision he walks the floor, perhaps muttering to himself. Bergen and other ventriloquists, of such those as not walk. They sit down with their dummy on their knee and argue the matter out, as a couple of brothers would do. In a way they are more than brothers—they are a sort of capital Siamese twins. It is helpful, because putting an argument into words frequently reveals weaknesses and quite often the dummy wins.

It is related that actors in a theatre heard a big and rather heated debate going on in Bergen's dressing room, ending with the following words in the ventriloquist's natural voice:

"Charlie, you've got me licked now, but you wait till I've had a chance to sleep on it."

Friends knocked on the door and wanted to know what the trouble was. Bergen explained that there wasn't any trouble but they had to decide between two very different bookings for their act and that "Charlie" seemed to be right.

Mr. Bergen's will, was published in the New York Law Journal in advance of his death because such a bequest seems to be something entirely new. And lawyers were invited to suggest how it might be altered to prevent the dummy heir from being disinherited by somebody breaking the will. The general opinion of testamentary experts is that the courts will sustain the legacy.

The part of personal interest to "Mr. Charlie McCarthy" reads as follows:

"I, Edgar John Bergen, give and bequeath to the Actors' Fund of America, the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars, to be held as a separate fund, to be known forever as the 'Charlie McCarthy Fund.' It is my sincere wish, and I request that said fund be managed, invested and reinvested, and the entire income be used in each year by said Actors' Fund of America, to give gratuitous and charitable performances of ventriloquism, so often in each year as the Actors' Fund of America may determine, but especially during the months of November and December in each year, at orphanages, welfare homes, homes for crippled children, and other such similar institutions for destitute, unfortunate and handicapped children, as said Actors' Fund of America may designate and select. . . .

"Especially I make this provision for sentimental reasons which to me are vital due to the association which my performances during the last thirteen years have had with 'Charlie McCarthy' (the dummy), who has been my constant companion and who has taken on the character of a real person and from whom I have never been separated for even a day.

"It is my request and earnest desire that the Actors' Fund of America shall forever care for and keep 'Charlie McCarthy' in good and serviceable condition and repair (expending out of the said fund whatever shall be necessary so to do) and that the ventriloquist so selected by the Actors' Fund of America to give such gratuitous performances shall always use 'Charlie McCarthy' when giving such gratuitous performances."

Mr. Bergen is a young man whose will should not be probated for many years, but he travels much and might be killed in an accident tomorrow. Then without that fund, poor orphaned "Charlie" would have a shameful end, tossed into some pawn shop to be destroyed by moths and rust, an unbearable thought to his present partner.

However even Mr. Bergen's loyalty to his dummy pales when compared to the unusual affection lavished by Ching Ling Foo on his dummy, "Ling Ting Pu." Like many other ventriloquists, Ching was married and had children, but funny looking little Ling Ting, his dummy, was his real love.

Because of his expert ventriloquism, Ching Ling Foo was considered an artist, and received appropriate billings and advertising in the various shows he played in. It was this that led to his tragic finish, because another performer in a show, angered at being subordinated to the ventriloquist, determined to avenge himself. He might have poked Ching in the nose, but the enemy apparently did not feel that such a blow would do sufficient damage to Ching. Or perhaps Oswald suddenly came into the picture. Whatever happened, the vindictive actor chose the one best way to hurt his enemy. He stole into Ching's dressing room, and hacked and stabbed the dummy Ling until there was little left of it but bits of wire, sawdust and rags.

"Ling Ting Pu," So Human to the Famous Chinese Ventriloquist, Ching Ling Foo, That Its Mutilation by an Enemy Drove Its Master Insane.

A few hours later actors and workmen in the theatre were astonished by an agonized shriek from Ching Ling Foo's dressing room. They rushed to the scene and stood, shocked into silence, as they saw the famous ventriloquist, his face twisted with grief, his eyes streaming tears, moaning piteously. In his arms were gathered the pitiful remains of the dummy and the man rocked from side to side, as a mother might cradle a hurt baby in her arms.

Friends tried to console the ventriloquist. When they sought to take the broken dummy from his arms he turned on them, his eyes flashing with rage. He might have killed someone if he had not been overpowered. And Ching Ling Foo never recovered. He was taken to a madhouse. To keep him company another dummy was given him. He tore it to pieces. Finally the knife-scarred Ling was placed in his cell. Ching Ling Foo quieted almost instantly. But he never recovered. He died a few months later, still a madman. He and Ling were buried together.

A ventriloquist may divorce his wife for another but not his pet dummy. For instance, when the infuriated Mrs. Dexter told her husband to choose between her and that other "Charlie," she says he did not hesitate a moment in letting her go. Though both these are named "Charlie" and look so much alike that most people cannot tell them apart, their partners, like two doting mothers, always could, denying that they were brothers under the paint or at all similar in character.

"Charlie McCarthy" was modeled after a young bootblack friend of Bergen who says his "Charlie" would never come between man and wife. The last part of that statement remains to be proved because Bergen has not yet been married. Like most ventriloquists, Bergen owns half a dozen other dummies, quite as costly and well-made and occasionally one of these understudies goes on when the star is out of order too seriously for first-aid treatment on the road and must go back to Chicago for hospitalization at the factory where he was born. But he has no affection for any of these, has forgotten them in the will.

The reason is that they don't "go over" with an audience as "Charlie" does. Nobody knows why any more than why some actors are good from the start, while others who try just as hard and are better looking, prove failures.

It all makes sense to the psychologists except one or two things. For instance, if pinned down, Bergen will admit that he still thinks "Charlie McCarthy" once gave a "rotten performance," right in Chicago, the hometown of both of them where they should have outdone themselves. "Charlie" denies this, saying that he was all right but his flesh-and-blood partner let him down. To an outsider, it looks as if "Charlie" must be right. However, like sensible partners they have long since ceased arguing about it.

"Charlie" not only earns his partner's bread and butter but once saved him from robbed and perhaps killed by thugs. One night the ventriloquist was walking around the platform of a small railroad junction in Southern Illinois, waiting for a train, when he saw three men following him. He hastened to the little shack of a station where to his dismay he found the light in the ticket booth burning but the agent gone.

Just then the three men entered and proved to be "ventriloquists" also, but of a different school, the kind that learns in prison how to "throw his voice" out of the side of his mouth that the guard can't see. They looked at being beaten, available in this emergency.

Mr. Bergen hastily spoke through the ticket window:

"Hey, Charlie, when did you say the train is coming?"

"Well, Ed, I reckon it will be here at 4:50, on time," answered a voice, seemingly from inside. And, for once in the history of the world, an entertainer was pleased to see his audience walk out on him. The three "tough mugs," who thought a single traveler, probably an unarmed one, would be easy prey, were not willing to take chances on two men, especially since the other, the supposed station agent, no doubt had a pistol.

When ventriloquist Herbert Dexter took his dummy "Charlie" on their honeymoon, the bride, pretty blonde singer Sally Osman, did not mind because up to that time only the nicest compliments had come from its wooden lips. Also, since she had now joined the act which was booked immediately afterward, it was necessary for the three of them to rehearse.

The act itself was a sad disillusionment as to her importance. It was bad enough to find herself playing a part "dumber than the dummy" who got all the laughs by mean remarks at her expense but this wretched "Charlie" hit her between the shoulder blades so hard it knocked the wind out of her, kicked her black and blue and pushed her violently off chairs onto the floor. Had her husband done this directly, she would have gotten the sympathy of the audience and he would have been booed, but when "Charlie's" heavy hand and foot did it, everyone roared with derisive joy.

So, one night after the act had been running a week, she started to suggest to her husband some changes that would make it less painful for his bride. "Charlie" was sitting on Dexter's knee. She says he was always there where she had expected to be sitting at least the first year of their married life. Hardly had she started to speak than the dummy knocked the thoughts out of her mind by asking:

"Do you know why blondes never get struck by lightning?"

Sally, being a blonde, wanted to know and said so. "Charlie" said:

"The reason blondes are never struck by lightning is that—haw! haw! haw!"

And to this day she never learned the answer to that tormenting question though "Charlie" always interrupted her with it every time she complained of anything. Finally she told the judge about "Charlie's" miserable behavior and won her freedom. When it was all over Dexter admitted that he had merely invented the question and thought that Sally, as a blonde, ought to figure the answer out for herself. She did. It was divorce.

Dexter's "Charlie" gave him an unfair advantage in family quarrels but this was not so with ventriloquist Walter Walters because Mrs. Walters was one of those almost unheard of artists, a lady ventriloquist, and therefore could meet him on equal terms. Nevertheless, one day she picked up her dummy "child" and left him, set to go home to mother but to join the act of another ventriloquist, Marshall Montgomery, who had a less incompatible dummy, named "Jimmy."

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Drought Ended—You'll Need Your Umbrella This Year

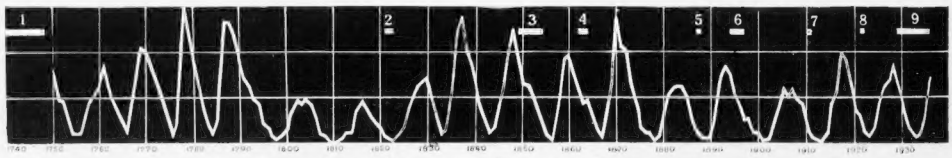

Diagram Showing How Damaging Droughts of Varying Durations Have Occurred Since 1750 to 1937, Always At or Close to Periods of Maximum Sun-Spot Activity. (1) Is the Great Drought That Ended About 1749 on a Down Curve of Sun-Spots; (2) The Two Dry Years of 1821 and 1822, Which Occurred on a Rising Sun-Spot Curve; (3) World-Wide Drought, One of the Worst on Record, of 1851 to 1855, Beginning the Year Following Intense Sun-Spot Activity; (4) Dry Years Between 1860 and 1870; (5) English Drought of 1888, and (6) The Drought of 1894-1896, One Occurring Before and the Other Immediately After the Sun-Spot Maximums; (7) The Dry Year of 1911; (8) The English and Russian Droughts of 1922; (9) The Seven-Year Drought Beginning 1929, Which Many Scientists Think Is Now Ended.

Plenty of Rain but No Floods East of the Rockies, Easy Winter and Cool Summer, but the West Coast Not So Lucky, Scientists Predict Studying Sun-Spots and Other Weather-Makers

Once Fertile Fields in Oklahoma Where Cattle Carcasses Give a Stark Touch to the Sun-Seared Land. Ranchers' Bullets Put Them Out of Misery Because No Water Was Available.

During the Drought Many Prayers Have Been Made to Heaven to End It, and This Photograph Shows Stuart Rudd, a Farmer, of Miller, South Dakota, in the Midst of His Burned Fields Praying With His Two Sons for Rain.

Photograph of One of the Sun-Spots Which Seem to Have Such an Influence Upon World Weather; This Particular Spot Is Big Enough to Swallow Up Six Earths, as Shown by the Diagram Beside It.

Scene During the Devastating Pittsburgh Flood of Last Year Showing Food Being Delivered to Marooned Residents; the Water-Mark of the Flood Is Indicated by the Darkened Section of the Wall. No Floods Like This in 1937, Say Hopeful Scientists.

THIS year is to be a nice, well-behaved year for most of the United States, so far as weather is concerned.

There will be no droughts such as have plagued the Northwest and parts of the Middle-west for six long years. None, that is, east of the Rockies. The Pacific Coast will perhaps have a mild one.

Nor is 1937 likely to present the country with any unusual crop of floods, hot waves or cold waves. That prediction naturally follows from cessation of the drought, for it is the peculiar characteristic of the forces which control weather that all the elements of violence—drought, floods, hot or cold waves, great storms and the rest—commonly arrive together instead of coming in separate years.

More rainfall than normal is indicated in the States east of the Mississippi River, and people will need their umbrellas or raincoats quite a lot this Spring and Summer. It will be real wet.

Everybody except Communists will regard these forecasts with great relief. Weather has not been kind to the United States since 1930. The country has had the greatest drought since the ancient Great Drought of 1276 to 1299 A. D., which is recorded in the tree rings of the Southwestern States. On top of this came the disastrous Mississippi floods, the equally unprecedented New England floods, and the great flood that overwhelmed Pittsburgh.

There have been long and intense heat waves and cold waves.

But now science says this is all over; at least, for a while. In Canton, Massachusetts, the Blayton Weather Service, organized ten years ago by the distinguished meteorologist, H. Helm Clayton, has issued its forecast. While it does not promise any excessive rainfall in the region between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, where the maximum of drought has been experienced in recent years, it does promise that the rain there will be approximately normal and there will be no more drought. Only on the Pacific Coast itself is there an outlook for a drier than normal year; something which probably has little practical importance, since the Coast has not suffered so severely from the dryness of the past six years.

It will be a fairly chilly February for the country east of the Rockies, but no such extreme cold as last year in that month. The Summer will be cool and wet. In the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States it will, however, be warmer than usual.

Other notable forecasts to come in the Clayton forecast. The essential meaning of the prediction is that the elements of violence of recent years is to be postponed. Pleasanter and less extreme weather is to be the rule. Hot spells and cold spells may happen, heavy rains come in some places and unusual experience a moderate drought. But as a whole the weather troubles of the past few years are likely to be over—for a time.

Now, if this was merely somebody's guess it would have no more importance than the statement last September of a farmer in York, Pa., that the spiders were building more webs than usual on his cornstalks, and therefore it was going to be a mild Winter.

The Clayton prediction, like the several others which agree with it, is not based on caterpillars, spring showers, sleeping cats, goose worthiness, or any others of the weather-forecasting animals and objects. It is based on strictly scientific rules developed by study of weather variations in the past.

Several years ago Mr. Clayton was responsible for compiling the most complete collection of weather records ever put together by anyone. That collection, later was published by the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, providing scientific men with records going back, in some instances, well over a century.

By aid of these records it has been possible to discover a number of regularities in the way that weather repeats itself year after year and generation after generation. From such information, joined to knowledge of the way that air currents move around the earth, the way that currents of water flow back and forth in the sea and so on, Mr. Clayton deduced his rules.

Other scientific men, working to attain the same end of long-range weather forecasting, have developed other methods.

Dr. Charles G. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and one of the most distinguished scientists in the United States, works on a theory of the relations between weather and the sun-spots which he has evolved.

Everyone is familiar nowadays with the fact that the number and size of spots visible on the sun varies from year to year, constituting the so-called sun-spot cycle. On the average this cycle runs between eleven and twelve years; that is, it is about eleven years from one time of maximum sun-spots to the next following maximum. When this cycle first was discovered, many scientific men believed that the whole secret of weather variations had been found. Unfortunately, this did not work out quite so simply. Many variations of weather seem to pay no attention to the sun-spot cycle.

Dr. Abbot's idea is that it is not the single cycle of eleven years but the double cycle of twenty-three years that is most important. So far as droughts are concerned, another doubled cycle of about forty-six years seems to be more important still. About ninety-two years ago, corresponding to two of these forty-six-year cycles, there were serious droughts not only in the United States but virtually all over the world. Forty-six years after this, in the early 1890's, there occurred another serious drought. Nowadays, forty-six years later, the country has been in the midst of perhaps the worst drought of all.

Computing as accurately as possible the repeated application of this forty-six-year drought period, Dr. Abbot decides that the present one will not be over until about next year or maybe not till 1940.

However, those who favor the Clayton prediction that the drought already is over and that 1937 will be moist, base their opinions on the fact that none of the weather cycles depending on sun-spots alone is so absolutely accurate as to decide between the end of the drought this year and the end three years later in 1940.

One thing about which practically everyone does agree is that the sun-spots have something to do with all the weather changes. Most experts agree, also, on the further conclusion that the real alternations of weather are not between cold and wet or between hot and dry, but are between violent weather and more or less uniform or equable weather.

There is much evidence, also, that the years of violent weather are determined by the years of maximum sun-spots.

During years when sun-spots are at a maximum the sun gives off more than its usual amount of heat. At first sight this seems paradoxical. If there are dark spots on the sun, one could expect that the amount of heat given out would decrease instead of increasing. The reason for the paradox is that the sun-spots, while darker than the rest of the sun's surface, indicate vast disturbances or stirrings in the surface layers of the solar orb. Accordingly, any darkening effect due to the sun-spots themselves is more than made up by the effect of the stirring in bringing to other parts of the sun's surface large quantities of extremely hot gases from deeper inside the body. Thus the effect is to make the sun as a whole a little brighter and to let it radiate more heat.

When this increased heat strikes against the earth and is absorbed by the atmosphere, what it does is to provide the forces working in this atmosphere with a little more energy than usual. The circulation of the winds is greater. More water is evaporated from the ocean to produce rain storms. In general the energy and violence of the weather forces is increased.

On the other hand, when the number of sun-spots is below normal it is to be expected that the heat received by the earth's atmosphere will be a little less than usual, that less energy will be available. This should mean less violent weather and more equable conditions in every way. And it is the case this year.

This theory also explains why it is that hot Summers and cold Winters tend to go together, while droughts and floods also tend to occur at the same time. During the part of the sun-spot cycle in which there are many spots and much energy is supplied to the earth's atmosphere, the more violent conditions created act not only to produce hot spells in Summer but also to cause violent circulation of active air and thus to produce cold spells in Winter, as well as droughts and floods.

Ages ago in geological history there were periods of many thousands of years when the weather was continuously equable; so much so that there was almost no difference between Winters and Summers. It was at times like those that palm trees and other tropical vegetation grew as far north as the northern part of the United States or even in Greenland. The coal deposits which now exist in Greenland and in the other Arctic island of Spitzbergen were produced during such periods.

At present, the alternation between stormy and violent years and equable years is merely a small-scale equivalent of the variation which existed for thousands of years between different periods in the past.

Scientists who try to relate the weather conditions accurately to the curve of changing numbers in sun-spots run into another difficulty illustrated by the sun-spot curve reproduced on this page. This is that the effect of years of many sun-spots on earthly weather is delayed from one to three years after the time when the sun-spots themselves are at a maximum. No one knows just why this is so. One plausible theory is that it is because of heat storage in the earth's oceans.

While sun-spots are increasing toward the maximum of each eleven-year period much of the excess heat is absorbed by cool water of the oceans and does not go, at least at once, to increase the violence of the atmospheric forces. Only after two or three years does the warming of the ocean catch up with the increased energy received from the sun, so that the time of atmospheric violence can begin.

Whether or not this theory of heat storage in the ocean is the true one, there is little doubt that periods of violent weather, characterized by storms, droughts, floods, heat waves, cold waves and all the rest, do tend to happen from one to three years after the sun-spot maximum.

One of the worst droughts ever recorded in the United States, perhaps even worse than the recent drought, began about 1849, just one year after the sun-spot maximum of 1848. In the next sun-spot cycle, the year of maximum sun-spots was 1860. Three years later, 1863 and 1864 were years of excessive dryness.

Another sun-spot maximum occurred in 1883 and 1884, followed by the severe English drought of 1888, when weather also was dryer than usual in the United States. In 1894 to 1896 the western part of the United States suffered another severe drought, especially remembered because it happened to coincide with the business panic of 1893. Again, this drought began just one year after the sun-spot maximum.

Other sun-spot maxima of 1905 and 1918 were followed by dry years although not by years of violent drought. Finally, the present severe drought, which has lasted over most of the country between 1929 and 1936, followed the sun-spot maximum of 1928.

Obviously the rule is not a perfect one. One sun-spot maximum in 1870 and two others in 1830 and 1837 do not seem to have been followed by drought conditions or other signs of extremely violent weather. The sun-spot curve itself shows that different sun-spot maxima may differ greatly from each other.

The last sun-spot maximum happened in 1928. If this was responsible for the following drought, the drought should end this year. The country should have four or five years of relatively equable and uniform weather, with moderate rains, not too much heat and few droughts, or possibly none at all.

This, at any rate, is what people are entitled to hope for and what the majority of weather experts predict.

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England's Titled Spoiled Children Filling the Divorce Mill

British Judges Working Overtime Handing Out Their Decrees to Earls, Countesses and Other Pampered Aristocrats Whose Love Turned Quickly to Indifference or Hate

The Earl and Countess of Jersey, Whose Wedding Not So Long Ago Was One of England's Fashionable Shows—But They Have Grown Tired of Each Other.

LONDON, Jan. 18.

RENO and Hollywood have nothing on the Courts of Justice, Strand, London, Eng., when it comes to being a divorce factory.

In those somber-paneled court rooms which are known to English Law as the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, they may be kept occupied in the first part with will cases, but certainly in the third red-robed, heavily bewigged Law Lords are working overtime handing out divorces with about the speed of a canning factory delivering its finished stuffs.

Some 1,300 couples are expected by the end of the term—next July—to have been turned into 3,180 unmarried individuals, and the large majority of them are Socialites well known in London as belonging to the Upper Ten. Many of them started their matrimonial ventures with notable weddings and everything seemed most promising. But one or both of the couples were spoiled children, too rich to be happy with anything long and so pampered that each must have his or her own way. Great boys, great wealth and self-indulgence do not usually make for happy and enduring marriages.

Earls and Countesses; Lords and Ladies; Baronets and Knights and their wives are among this flood of people who are reaching out for the judicial knife to cut the Gordian knot.

Nobody in London has forgotten the resplendent social event, ushering in the season of 1932 when the Earl of Jersey married Miss Patricia Richards at St. Margaret's, Westminster, which is London's most fashionable church for solemnizing Mayfair weddings. Other parts of the Empire were specially interested in this match because the nineteen-year-old bride who had been the prettiest debutante of the previous season when she was presented at court, was the daughter of a New South Wales rancher.

The Earl, twenty-two years old and good-looking, had recently come into his ancient title and three large estates. All society flocked to such a memorable occasion, and it is now sadly remembered that one of the bridesmaids was Miss Rose Bingham, who soon followed with an even bigger and more important wedding to become the Countess of Warwick. Now both countesses are among the "bad examples" on the same divorce calendar.

Patricia's first baby, born two years after their marriage, had the rare honor of being christened at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, where all the banners of the Knights of the Garter are hung and below which King George V was buried this year.

A few months after the marriage, the young Earl took a job as a bank clerk in the City of London. He said he could not afford to keep up his three estates. It was last year that the friends of the couple began to talk about an estrangement. On the honeymoon to the West Indies and round the world, the Countess had had a mysterious illness and she was confined to bed for six months. She had to learn to walk and to dance all over again, when she once more got about.

A few weeks ago, the Earl of Jersey arrived incognito in Hollywood. He had traveled from London in the company of blonde Virginia Cherrill, the film-actress ex-wife of Cary Grant. Then it was revealed that Lady Jersey had filed a petition for divorce. Now in Hollywood and all Great Britain they are wondering if Virginia is to succeed Patricia as the next Countess of Jersey.

The suits being usually undefended, pass through the mill after the court has listened to the required amount of one-sided testimony. When the case is contested the courts try to decide who is telling the truth, but once in a while the gray-wigged justices show their disgust at the proceedings, as was done in the Gunter case.

The Baronet, Sir Ronald Gunter, who owns a large share of the broad acres of Yorkshire was sued by his wife, Lady Dorothy Eleanor Gwendolyn for divorce. This would have been just another of these unfortunate things, but the Baronet promptly brought a cross-petition alleging infidelity of his wife with Wing Commander Helmore and a Mr. Norman.

This stirred Her Ladyship up to a whole new flock of charges. Back and forth flew the shameful recriminations until finally the disgusted President of the Divorce Court brought the case to a dramatic end by throwing both suits out of court. Each had shown the other unfit to be married, but apparently the justices decided that both were equally unfit for freedom which they would probably misuse by remarrying and causing more disgrace. This decision forced the quarrelers into what was perhaps the only sensible solution of their problem. Sir Ronald soon announced a separation agreement had been made and the payment to his wife of a sum which has not been disclosed.

The childish notions of personal importance which some persons take on along with a title was shown by this same lady in a police station where she had been taken because she seemed to think that traffic lights were meant only for commoners. Before Her Ladyship was through with this incident she was charged with assaulting a policeman and smashing windows in the station. Her lawyer explained to the judge that his client was more accustomed to deference than dictation. Persons with such grandiose ideas make rather difficult husbands and wives.

Perhaps as disappointing as any of the noble divorces now pending is that of Lord and Lady Chesham because they had been married long enough, as one of their friends put it, to "be their age and know better."

It was in 1915 that Lord Chesham, a dashing officer of the 10th Hussars—the regiment in which Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, is now a major—married Miss Margot Mills. Here again was title on one side and extreme beauty on the other.

Lord Chesham is descended from one of England's most aristocratic families, the Cavendishes (the Dukes of Devonshire), and is related by marriage to the Grosvenors (the Dukes of Westminster). He inherited land in Piccadilly, which includes the famous Burlington Arcade, London's shopping rendezvous de luxe. He became Master of The Old Berkeley Hunt and later of the Bicester, a famous pack of foxhounds. When Lord Chesham was away in the Great War, Lady Chesham, one of the finest horsewomen in Europe, took over the Mastership.

His Lordship showed a charming indisposition to follow some of the rules and responsibilities of marriage, but Lady Chesham seemed to have learned to look the other way, forgive and forget. Equally tolerant was her noble husband of his wife's eccentricities, such as wearing her initials on all her hats, so that strangers would know her even in church. Asked if he did not object to such taste in his wife, Lord Chesham is said to have replied:

"On the contrary, I believe that every man's baggage should be plainly marked."

When Lady Chesham receives her decree, she will have to change that monogram or perhaps be guilty of violating the laws against misbranding goods.

When the Honorable David Tennant, nephew of the famous Lady Oxford and Asquith, married Hermione Baddeley, actress and daughter of a long line of Thespians in 1928, all the "Bright Young Things" of society and the stage made considerable whoopee. Pajama parties, comprising long-haired young men and short-haired young women were held frequently at the David Tennants' luxury flat in the historic Adelphi. The sitting room in this flat is the smallest room while the bedroom is the largest. That is why the Tennants gave their parties in the bedroom.

Both husband and wife have always, in art, society affairs, and now cruise for amusement, been regarded as leaders. David Tennant is a busy young man, for he runs a club, is an announcer of the British Broadcasting Corporation, paints theatrical scenery, designs frocks, and writes philosophical treatises. He inherited $300,000 on the death of his mother, the late Viscountess Grey, but that little fortune has not prevented him from joining the ranks of the about-to-be-divorced in London's Rens, but then, divorce has become a regular part of the slightly-peculiar life of this slightly-peculiar set.

The Earl of Warwick, whose wife was a Bridesmaid for the Countess of Jersey, has followed the Earl of Jersey to Hollywood under the name of Michael Brooke, and is said to be earning a thousand dollars a week as a motion picture actor.

The Earl, who as Charles Guy Foike Greville is the seventh to bear the Warwick title, filed suit against his wife, through his London attorneys, a few days ago.

The divorce-bound Countess of Warwick is the daughter of the late David Cecil Bingham of the Coldstream Guards, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, a star example of "bad eminence," because he not only had three wives, but one financial bankruptcy. For fear anyone should overlook or forget any of his bad points, he set them all down and published them in his memoirs, under the title, "My Gamble With Life."

To the superstitious, the Warwick divorce is the most significant of all. There is a saying in the Shakespeare country of England where the castle is located and where thousands of literary folk and tourists make pilgrimages every year that during the past three hundred and fifty years the history of Warwick Castle has been in no small part the history of England." By some strange coincidence this saying has been demonstrated time and time again, and once more during the past year following the discord between the Earl of Warwick and his wife, which ended in the divorce court.

The proverb was repeated in awed whispers among the townsfolk of ancient Warwick when the Wally Simpson divorce case and its empire-shaking consequences took place, just as it was repeated in the fashionable London clubs and in smart Mayfair when other divorce cases among titled married couples of proud and ancient lineage went into the law courts for trial.

Sometimes the titled personage appears in the unseen, off-stage role of correspondent.

Among these cases is that of Major O. L. Prior-Palmer, distinguished army officer and his wife. The major named the young Earl of Normanton as co-respondent in the action. The Earl, who recently resigned his commission in the Royal Horse Guards, is still in his twenties. When he was born on March 29th, 1910, his family was honored by having King Edward VII act as sponsor for the infant.

When Sir Thomas Devitt and Lady Devitt were married in June, 1930, sophisticated Mayfair turned sentimental and remarked that it was one marriage which "was made in heaven." For nearly six years the couple were seen constantly together and it seemed as if the married life of the Devitts was ideal. A short time ago however, Lady Devitt filed suit for divorce and the marriage which was "made in heaven" was unmade in London.

Like the Earl of Normanton, Lord Edward John Stanley of Alderley is a young nobleman of ancient family. He was married to Lady Stanley in 1932 with much ceremony. Recently his wife went to court and secured a decree.

Bringing up the rearguard of these hundreds of beautiful young wives, titled and wealthy, whose matrimonial disputes are filling London's Courts of Justice is Edythe Baker, the American actress and pianist who married Gerard d'Erlanger, the son of Baron d'Erlanger, international banker.

Edythe, formerly of the Ziegfeld Follies—is the blondest blonde in the world. Even Edythe's pianos and their stools were all white. For two years she and Gerard d'Erlanger have been separated.

"We didn't get along, that's all," said bored, blonde Edythe, with about as much emotion as if she were telling a shoe clerk that her slippers were not as comfortable as she had expected.

The Honorable Mrs. David Tennant, Who Was a Part of Former King Edward's Gay Set, but Is Trying to Get Rid of Her Husband, Lady Astor's Nephew.

Miss Virginia Cherrill, Known as London's Blondest Blonde, Who Is Mentioned as the Next Countess of Jersey When the Earl Gets His Divorce.

Lady Chesham; She Always Wears Her Initials on Her Hats, and Now, After She Gets Divorced, She'll Have to Have New Ones Made.

The Countess of Warwick, Often Called England's Most Beautiful Peeress, Just Before She Was Married, and as the Titled Mistress of Historic Warwick Castle—And She Is Asking the Courts to Relieve Her Both of Her Noble Husband and Her Title.

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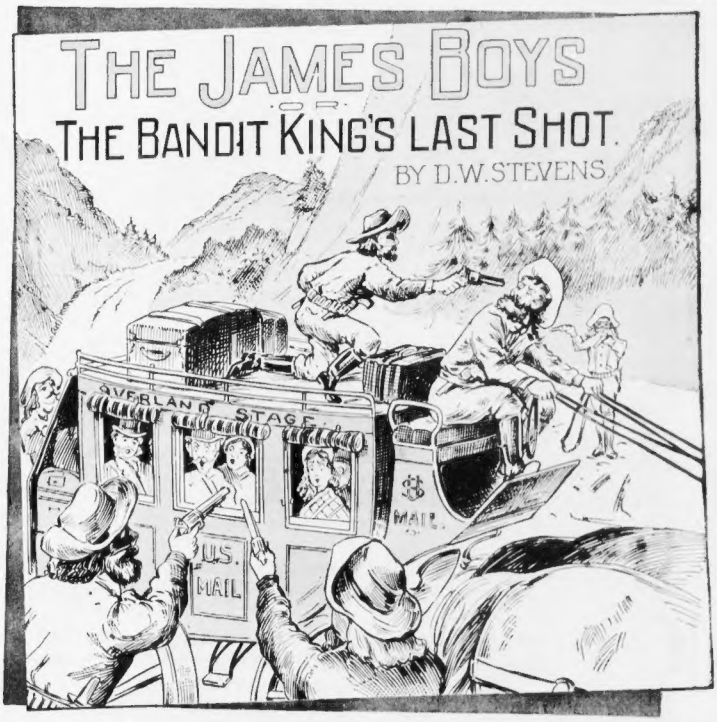
By "Arizona Bill," Dare-

Adventures of the Last of the Famous Pony Express Rider, Deputy Marshal, Badmen and the Quick-Shooting,

Jesse James' Colts Six-Shooter.

ARIZONA BILL, one of the very last of the old-time Pioneers of the West, narrates for the first time his adventures, experiences and observations of an epoch in American history which has gone forever—"when there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith."

Those were the almost incredible days of the Wild West. Arizona Bill spent his early life among the frontiersmen as cowboy and ranchman, Pony Express rider, Indian scout, Deputy Marshal and Arizona Ranger. He knew the notorious gamblers, the two-gun badmen, many of the stage-coach and train robbers, and also the famous dead-shot sheriffs and marshals of Tombstone, Deadwood, Bisbee and other wide-open pioneer towns. He was a member of many sheriffs' posses and now and then took a hand in "neck-tie parties," when horse thieves, cattle rustlers or desperadoes were strung up to the nearest tree.



"Halt, sir; stand and deliver!" Said a Stern Voice Behind the Driver. He Turned and Looked Upon the Top of the Coach Behind Him. There, Resting on One Knee, With the Muzzle of a Pistol in His Face, Was the Bandit King.

Pen-and-Ink Drawing on the Cover of an Old Dime Novel Relating the Exploits of the Jesse James Gang of Stage-Coach Robbers.

CHAPTER IX.

By ARIZONA BILL (Raymond H. Gardner)

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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FASHIONS in crime seem to change and I've noticed quite some changes in my lifetime.

There have always been gangs of killers, but their ways have been different. Nowadays gangsters are just plain murderers and seem to kill for the fun they get out of it, and I notice they have foreign names mostly.

But in the earlier days these bands of desperadoes were different. Probably very few readers of this article ever heard much about Jesse James and his outfit, but when I was a young man the "James Boys" had the country considerably excited. But this gang, like many tough outlaws of that period, had a streak of decency in them. This little ease of a barroom acquaintance of mine, Black Jack Ketcham, gives an idea of what I mean.

Black Jack found a miner had played a dirty trick on him and he started out to kill him.

"Draw your gun," said Jack. "This will be your last chance to use it."

"I haven't got no gun," said the wretch, "and I haven't no money to buy one with."

"Well take this and get one," said Jack, handing him a twenty-dollar bill, "and get yourself a bottle of whisky and you better look in at the undertaker's and pick out your coffin."

The miner looked gloomily at the money and answered:

"Say, Jack, can't we put off this shooting party until some other time? I want to go to my little daughter's christening in the morning."

"Oh dammit, I can't kill a man who wants to go to his little daughter's christening," growled Jack. "Get out of here." And he let the man go, money and all.

A modern gangster would figure Jack was crazy to give anyone a break like that. More likely, if he knew about that christening, he'd turn a machine gun on him right at the church steps and if some of the bullets hit the daughter, that would be all right, too.

Most of the old-time highwaymen, like the James boys, had been all right until the Civil War gave them bad ideas about settling things with a gun. It was always a poor idea to call on bandits unless one had been invited. I had not been invited to call but I was out of grub, things you can't bring down with a rifle such as salt, sugar, coffee and tobacco, and there I was right in the middle of the Ozark Mountains, one of the wildest bits of country in the United States. So I took a chance and walked right up to the front door of a log cabin which I knew was the James hangout.

I made plenty of noise, because unless a stranger wants to get bitten or shot he better not surprise a dog or a bandit. When I knocked, the door was opened by a good looking, husky, middle-aged woman. She had a six-shooter on her hip and a rifle handy but she had made up her mind that I was harmless, let me in and wanted to know who I was. I told her that my name was Raymond E. Hatfield Gardner, that my parents came from Kentucky and that my mother was a Hatfield.

The Hatfields are the family that got to be pretty well-known a while back on account of the Hatfield-McCoy mountaineer feud. I had hoped that this relationship might be a good thing to tell the James boys about, but I hardly expected that the woman would cry out:

"I am your cousin. My mother was a Hatfield."

As she was older than me, she told me I could call her Aunt Belle and that I could have anything I wanted. We must have been talking along about family matters quite some time when a hard looking face showed up in the doorway. It was Jesse James who had listened to us from behind a wood pile and then watched me through a window before showing himself.

"What's all this about?" said Jesse. He didn't look friendly and his hand was close to his pistol holster. Aunt Belle introduced us and started to tell him all about me, but Jesse interrupted:

"That's what he says, but how do you know?"

"I know because he has Hatfield written all over his face," Aunt Belle answered, "and he's hungry. You go on and kill some chickens for us."

Jesse's face showed that he had no intention of doing anything of the kind, just then. But to my surprise, she had her gun out quicker than greased lightning. She didn't hold it on him the way a man does. She sort of shook it at him, as she talked, the way a woman shakes her finger at a man when she lays down the law.

Sheriff Bill Tilghman Who Surprised Bill Doolin in a Bathtub and Captured Him Without Firing a Shot. Tilghman Was an Excellent Type of the Fearless, Persistent Sheriff of Those Times.

"Go right out and get them chickens this minute if you know what's good for you. You know who runs this house."

Jesse's face got red all around his whiskers. I suppose he was ashamed to have a stranger see a woman get the drop on the famous bandit and order him around. He followed orders pronto. It was a good thing that I managed to keep my face straight because he was the boss outside the house. I stayed there quite a while during which both Jesse and Frank James became real friendly.

It was a risky thing to be friends with such celebrated banditi just at that time. I was young and not only broke, but wondering where I could find something to take the place of my scout work for which there was less call all the time. My Indian and scout training had fitted me to become an outlaw, my Hatfield blood gave me the right temper and there I was, good friends with the two best-known men in the game.

One side of me was tempted, but the other was disgusted. It was great to be famous but kind of cheap to have to hide behind a wood pile and let a woman face strangers. That bunch never enjoyed a good night's sleep and many a time we all had to grab guns and crouch by the windows till daylight because one of them had heard a twig snap during the night. The only times they were free from care were when they were good and drunk.

One day the thing they were always dreading happened. Officers rode up to the house from about the same direction I had come. Jesse and Frank crept out the back door, one taking a position behind the wood pile and the other behind a rock. Aunt Belle, with a .45 Colts in each hand, stood behind the door and ordered me to talk to them. I told them that the men who had been living in the cabin had moved away about two weeks before. Maybe my words convinced them that they might as well move along and maybe they had a feeling that something would happen if they didn't.

If those men had started to enter the house they would have been mowed down by bullets from in front and both sides. None of the lead would have been from my gun, but I would have been too much mixed up in the killing to explain and would probably have had to join the gang. Aunt Belle was proud of the way her young relative had talked the officers away from the door, and the James boys were so pleased that I could see they were going to make me an offer. Lucky for me Aunt Belle saw it too and headed it off by some strong whispering to the boys.

If I had been invited to join the band and refused, they would have thought me some sort of spy and fixed me so I would not tell on anybody in this world. Such things are bound to happen to anyone foolish enough to try to be friends with outlaws and they usually end up by making him a criminal too.

Once Aunt Belle took her rifle and rode off telling me she was going to get some deer meat. When I asked to go along she ordered me to stay in the house where it was safe. It was funny, a woman saying that to me who had been brought up in the saddle and hunted ever since I could remember. She came back with a good-sized deer and while I was helping dress the carcass and hang it up to cool out, I said,

"You're handy with a knife."

"I can cut up a man, just as well," my aunt replied.

When the venison was dressed Aunt Belle told me that they were going away for a few days on business and to make myself at home. This was a surprise but visitors don't ask bandits about their business. After they had ridden off I took my fishing tackle and with my dog, walked down to a creek. There I took off my shoes and cooled my feet while I fished.

I had pulled out a fine catch of trout when I heard a splash and my dog growled. I got my rifle handy and we sat watching the other side where the sound came from. The dog knew better than to bark, but low muttering sounds warned me that he thought something important was still over there.

After a few minutes a magnificent-looking man in gray on a fine gray horse pushed through the bushes. He had a silver-mounted saddle and expensive boots with silver initials C. Y. The stranger asked me if I knew where he could find Belle Starr. My answer was to ask who he was. He placed his finger on his lips and slowly forded the creek to our side where he dismounted, worrying the dog as well as me. With a smile he told me not to be afraid because he was not an officer. Again I asked who he was and this time he whispered:

"I am Cole Younger."

Aunt Belle had told me a lot about this handsome bandit who always dazzled the women and I now recognized the man. He wanted to know how to get to camp and I was just going to show him when we heard a woman singing along the trail. It was my aunt, who cried out:

"Hello, Cole Younger. Welcome to our camp."

Aunty praised my fish, but scolded me for going barefoot where there were so many rattlesnakes and moccasins. When we reached camp we found Frank and Jesse there. Why they had given up the business trip and returned by different trails, they did not say and I did not ask what they were up to. From what I was able to put together I reckoned that the business was sticking up a stage-coach, but that Cole's band had done the job ahead of them or pulled another that made it dangerous to do business in their line until things had cooled down.

You'd have thought it was a family reunion, they were so glad to see each other and asked so anxiously about how the boys in various gangs were getting along. Many of the boys were getting along fine, keeping well ahead of the sheriffs' posses and making profitable hauls, but there was also some grief because some of the others had stopped bullets or danced at the end of ropes.

I had to help Aunt Belle in the kitchen because she was as fussy about that dinner as if the President of the United States had dropped in. She baked a cake, cooked corn pone, served my fish trimmed with fried potatoes and broiled the venison steak over coals in the big fireplace. Aunt Belle made me broil the fish, and while I was at it, Jesse asked if I knew Cole and, of course, I said I'd heard a lot about him. Cole smiled and wanted to know if it was good or bad.

I told him, "pretty darn good."

Cole with his fine horse, his beautiful saddle and his swell suit was quite a hero in my eyes. He looked at me for a few moments and seeing how I felt asked me how I would like to work with him.

Aunt Belle came into the room just as he was making the proposition. She said sharply:

"No, that boy is goin' straight. I want you fellers to keep your noses out of my business. He's a cousin of mine. That goes for all of you."

Aunt Belle was as quick on the draw as any

Pioneer of the Old Wild West

Frontiersmen, Who Was Cowboy, Indian Fighter, Scout, Arizona Ranger, and Knew All the Notorious Two-Gun Fearless Sheriffs of the Wide-Open Mining Towns

Four of the Dalton Gang That Attempted to Outdo the Daring Exploits of the Jesse James Gang by Robbing Two Banks at the Same Time in Coffeyville, Kansas. The Dead Bandits Are Dick Broadwell, Grat Dalton, Bob Dalton and Bill Powers. Outlaws Were Careful to Avoid Having Their Pictures Taken and About the Only Chance the Sheriffs Had to Photograph Them Was After They Had Been Shot.

Belle Starr, an Aunt of "Arizona Bill" and One of the Most Remarkable Women of Pioneer Days. This Is a Tintype Picture of "Aunt Belle" at the Age of Sixteen.

"Rose of the Cimarron," a Quick and Accurate Shooter and a Handy Member of the Famous Doolin Gang

(Continued on Page 11)

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$200,000.00 in PRIZES

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THIS IS A SAMPLE PUZZLE

(Read the Directions carefully before beginning the Old Gold Puzzle Contest. Be sure to study the pictures below.)

Mark Antony — Knute Rockne
Charles Dickens — William Penn
Horace Greeley — Patrick Henry

Now, notice that the dog is growling the sound "GRRRR," also notice the word "LEE" and the "K" on the running [illegible] the official puzzles in this contest and by completely complying with the rules you can win $100,000.00 First Prize.

$100,000.00 CASH 1st PRIZE YOURS TO WIN IN CONTEST OF SKILL

ENTER NOW! CONTEST JUST STARTING!

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In this contest, which is just getting under way, it is possible for you to win $100,000.00 First Prize (One Hundred Thousand Dollars) or any of 1000 cash prizes. Prizes total $200,000.00

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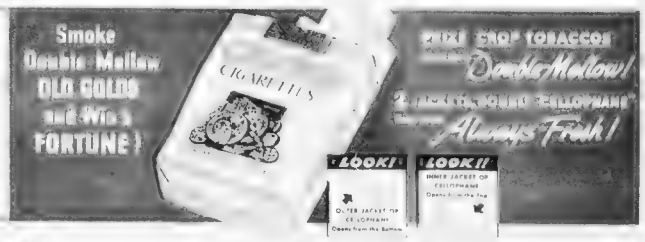

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3
4
5
6

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GET RICH for LIFE in

$100,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

Start now! Win $100,000.00. Here's how

There are 6 puzzle cartoons on this page. Each puzzle represents a familiar name. The correct name represented by each puzzle can be found in the list of names printed below the cartoon. Study the puzzles carefully. Find the correct name represented by each of the 6 puzzle cartoons printed below. Write your solutions on the ENTRY FORM in the lower right corner of this page. (Read carefully all suggestions on page at the left.)

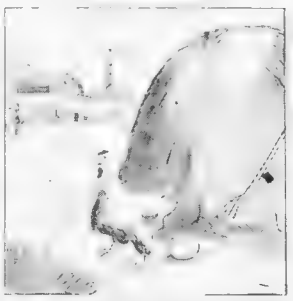
SOLVE THESE PUZZLES . . . You Can Win $100,000.00

PUZZLE CARTOON NO. 1

PUZZLE-CARTOON NO. 2

PUZZLE-CARTOON NO. 3

PUZZLE CARTOON NO. 4



PUZZLE-CARTOON NO. 5

PUZZLE-CARTOON NO. 6

PRIZES

1st Prize	**$100,000.00**
2nd Prize	$30,000.00
3rd Prize	$10,000.00
4th Prize	$10,000.00
5th Prize	$5,000.00
6th Prize	$5,000.00
7th Prize	$2,500.00
8th Prize	$2,500.00
2 Prizes $1,500.00 each	$3,000.00
2 Prizes $1,000.00 each	$2,000.00
10 Prizes $500.00 each	$5,000.00
28 Prizes $250.00 each	$7,000.00
50 Prizes $100.00 each	$5,000.00
One Hundred Prizes $50.00 each	$5,000.00
Eight Hundred Prizes $10.00 each	$8,000.00
Total 1000 Prizes,	**$200,000.00**

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I feel I have correctly solved the puzzles I've

1	4
2	5
3	6

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss
Address

City State

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S LT C W G J W B

Discoveries in Crete, Home of Minotaur, the Monstrous Man-Bull, Which Have Revived a Strange Old Legend of a Vast and Immemorially Ancient Hidden Temple, the Secret of Whose Entrance No Man Now Living Knows

Opening of a Passage Among the Weird Rock Formations in the Cave of Trinzyi Where One Legend Says Is the Hidden Entrance to the Secret Temple

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GOOD VALUE SELLS SALESMAN

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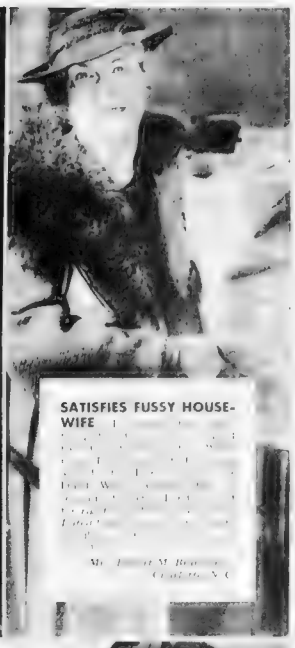

SATISFIES FUSSY HOUSEWIFE

A GODSEND TO THEIR BUDGET—"We watch our

PEOPLE like *Dated* Coffee in the bag because it's inexpensive coffee, yet *tastes* high priced.

Dated Coffee is made from the world's choice coffees and *guaranteed* fresh by our Dating Plan. It's rushed to your grocer with the date of delivery marked on every bag—your protection against stale, rancid taste.

Dated Coffee is always so fresh it doesn't need expensive containers! So we put it in a simple paper bag . . . and pass the saving along to you.

Spend less and enjoy richer, fuller flavored coffee! Buy an economical bag of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee tomorrow!

NO COMPLAINTS

LOOKS FORWARD TO IT

Not Always to the Fair by Olga A. Rosmanith

An Unusual Love Story. Complete in This Issue.

[illegible] on the other foot," She Retorted Severely. "This is a private beach. What are you doing on it?"

M

(Continued on Page 20)

Gladys Loitered Behind and Considered the View. She Was Enchanted With the Castle, the Blue Sky and the Pines That Led Down to the Sandy Beach.

"Duck" an unhappy tomorrow...tonight!

"Today," exclaims the little duck,
"I feel away 'down' on my luck."
The other says, "You wouldn't be
If you were 'up' on CALVERT. See?"

Be gainfully . . . not "painfully" . . . employed tomorrow. Show good judgment tonight . . . in the whiskey you choose, in the way you use it. Call for CALVERT'S "Special" blended whiskey. Enjoy it as a gentleman should—in moderation. Rise early . . . not surly . . . in the morning. Take a tip from experience. Call for CALVERT'S "Special"!

BUY BETTER WHISKIES

January is the month of *better* resolutions. If [illegible] ends [illegible] for 1937, [illegible] CALVERT [illegible] better whiskey [illegible] shaped [illegible] that you'll be proud to offer your most distinguished guests. And—lest you forget—CALVERT'S "Reserve", in the antique decanter, is another member of the distinguished CALVERT family

CLEAR HEADS CALL FOR **Calvert** WHISKIES

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CHAPTER XI

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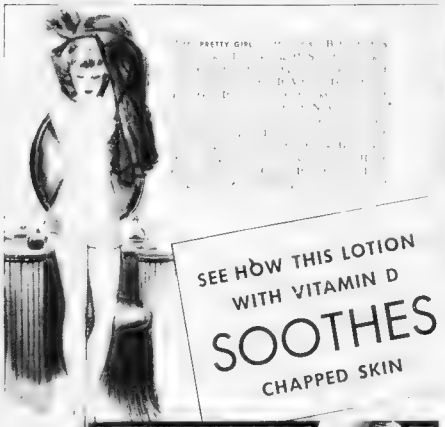

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Not Always to the Fair

An Unusual Love Story. Complete in This Issue.

By Olga A. Rosmanith

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WOMAN'S WORLD
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Once [illegible] and save prescription of [illegible] Olive Tablets are now an [illegible] Purely vegetable [illegible] and so pleasant to use.

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False Teeth Cleaned and Purified by New Brushless Method

Stains Go—Odors Go—Makes Teeth Look "Live" and Natural!

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

(Continued from Page 11)

would rather look the other way and let them come in for a day or two in a peaceful way rather than have them come shooting.

A deal of this kind was made once in Abilene, Kansas, while Wild Bill Hickok was marshal in that likely cow town. A man named Gross was clerk of a hotel there and slept in a cottage outside the hotel. One day a circus came to Abilene and a lot of people rode in from out of town to see the show. Among the visitors was a man the clerk knew who had three cowboys, all strangers to Gross, with him. He asked to have them all put in one room, even if some had to sleep on the floor.

They stayed four or five days, went to the circus, did some shopping, drank some at the saloons and gambled quite a lot. Hickok carried have pretty sharp eyes and one day Gross said to his friend that the men in the room with him were not cowboys.

"Who are they?" Gross asked.

"Well, if you'll promise to keep it under your hat, I'll tell you. Come up to our room after twelve o'clock tonight and I'll introduce you."

And that night in that room Gross had a pleasant visit with Jesse and Frank James and Cole Younger. Frank James, the first to speak said to the hotel clerk:

"Our friend has told us all about you and we are not afraid to have you know. In fact, it's best."

"How does it come that Wild Bill does not know you?" Gross asked.

"He does know us," said Cole Younger. "He has seen us often in Missouri in war times, but he has been promised by our friend here that we will make no bad breaks in town, and will not in any way make trouble for him. All we want is a rest for our horses and ourselves and a fresh supply of ammunition and clothes."

Gross, still puzzled that these three notorious bandits of the frontier should be resting peaceably in a hotel room within the knowledge of the law, particularly Wild Bill, said:

"I can't understand Wild Bill doing such a thing."

"Well," Younger replied, "it's the smart thing for him to do. Of course, he would like to round us up, but our friends are watching every move he makes day or night. If he tries to get us by himself, it's three to one, if he tries to get help, we'll get him if we die for it—and he knows it." At that time there was a ten-thousand-dollar reward on the heads of the James outfit, but Bill, in spite of his bravery, did not knowingly go beyond his depth.

So the outlaws had a few pleasant days in wide-open Abilene, saw the circus, got some new clothes and ammunition and were ready for the next train robbery. Not even Wild Bill Hickok was hungry to tackle the outfit in that hotel room.

Jesse James was finally killed at St. Joseph, Missouri, while he was unarmed and hanging up a picture. He was living under the name of Howard and his killer was known as Charles Johnson, who was aided by his brother. At the inquest Howard's wife admitted that the dead man was Jesse James, much to the surprise of the public. The so-called Johnsons were really Robert and Charles Ford, two alleged detectives who had been engaged in the hunt for the Jameses for several months on account of the large reward offered for their capture. According to some people they were former members of the James gang.

Jesse James' funeral was attended by crowds of people from all around and he was treated as if he had been a national hero.

Two or three months later Frank James gave himself up at Jefferson City and that ended the strange history of the James boys.

The Dalton gang committed more crimes, stole more money and murdered more people than did the James boys and the Youngers combined. But the Daltons and their allies, the Doolin gang, started a little later and never caught up with the reputation of the James boys.

There were eleven children in the Dalton family, three sons and four daughters of them becoming a credit to their respectable parents, while the other four sons turned into bandits. Bob Dalton, the youngest, took command of the gang when he was only twenty-two. His brother, Gratton, who was more cautious than reckless Bob, followed him humbly and so did the other brothers, Emmett and Bill Dalton. The Dalton brothers robbed and killed over a surprising area of territory. They rode all over Kansas and Texas, one robbery following another at places many miles apart. Their followers were young cowboys, who learned to shoot straight from the saddle as they rode at full speed.

Like the James boys, the Daltons settled down to robbing trains and stages, with an occasional bank that looked extra good to them. But in the end Bob Dalton got too ambitious and thought he could put the record of the Jameses and all other robbers in the shade by robbing two banks in the same town at the same time.

The town picked for his honor was Coffeyville, Kansas, with its two banks close together on the same street. It was the most carefully-planned raid the Daltons ever attempted. With their guns hidden and their faces disguised with false whiskers, the band rode into town unnoticed. They rounded up in a side street, tied their horses and strolled onto the main street, still unnoticed.

But nobody can foresee everything and one little accident spoiled everything. In crossing the street one of the town's merchants saw that some of the whiskers were false, which started him watching and thinking. When three of the strangers walked into the Condon Bank, the merchant peeped in just in time to see Grat Dalton point a gun at the cashier.

The merchant started running down the street yelling that the Condon Bank was being robbed which brought out every citizen with shotgun and gun. To their astonishment they found that the First National was also being robbed by Bob and Emmett Dalton. The citizens formed in two groups and began firing into the doors of the two banks. I have often heard men who were in that gun battle speak of the calm of those bandits, who in a hail of bullets made the officers of the banks turn over their bags of gold and packages of money.

Not until the two divisions of the gang had signaled each other that both banks had been completely looted did they start shooting their way out. But in the street they were faced by a body of determined, straight-shooting men. Four of the outlaws went to their deaths, their bodies full of lead. Bob and Gratt were among the killed and Emmett Dalton was severely wounded. The bullets fell like rain as the citizens and officers of Coffeyville surrounded the desperate bandits. Dick Broadwell got the farthest in his attempted escape for he reached his horse, but as he tried to swing into the saddle a bullet caught him and fatally wounded him. His faithful horse carried him out of the town, where he was picked up in the road dead.

Emmett Dalton might have saved himself, but as he ran towards his horse he stopped to rescue his dying brother, Gratt. Emmett was put in jail and the bodies of the other Dalton boys were claimed by their mother. Four citizens of Coffeyville were killed in the gun battle. This ended the Dalton gang, although one of its toughest members, Bill Doolin, through no fault of his own, survived to form a new gang and do about as much harm for quite a while. Bill escaped the Coffeyville misfortune because his horse went lame on the way to the robbery.

In Doolin's gang was Little Dick, one of the best scouts in the Indian Territory, a mighty useful man when the gang was trying to shake off a posse in the wilderness. Another was a famous killer known as Bitter Creek who had for a sweetheart one of the prettiest girls in the Southwest, called Rose of the Cimarron.

Once when Bill Doolin, with Bitter Creek and several others was staying at a hotel in Ingalls, Kan., to have a bullet wound in the leader's foot treated, they were surrounded by a large posse. The gun battle began in the hotel, from which the bandits soon moved over to the hotel's barn, built as stoutly as a block house.

Bitter Creek was caught without his gun. In the storm of bullets Rose of the Cimarron carried her lover's gun to him. It was hanging in a second story room of the hotel and Rose got it, descended from the window by a rope made of torn strips of sheet because the stairway was full of deputy sheriffs. She had yet to cross the yard where the bullets were flying, but with the gun concealed in the shirt of her dress she went through. When she reached Bitter Creek he was seriously wounded, but she handed him his gun and he was able to use it.

At the end of an hour dead men were strewn all over the street—three marshals among them—and the hotel was already full of bullets, when the scene of battle shifted to the barn. Bitter Creek escaped, but as weak was he from loss of blood that he fell from his horse.

Bill Doolin took careful aim at Marshal Speed, but weakness made his hand shake and he missed him. Doolin and Bill Dalton were the last to leave the barn. Dalton stopped to aid Bitter Creek as he lay bleeding by the roadside. Overtaken by officers, Dalton shot Marshal Shadley from his horse before the officer could draw. Red Buck and Dynamite Dick, after escaping from the posse returned and rescued Bitter Creek. They fled through the timber and reached an outlaw cave with Bitter Creek alive, but suffering greatly from his wounds. Three others were wounded. Rose of the Cimarron carried medicine and bandages to the wounded men and told them about the officers' moves.

These bandits in many cases won the love and devotion of attractive and romantic girls. Bill Doolin, the chief villain, fascinated the pretty daughter of a minister. It is to the credit of Doolin that he thought more of his sweetheart, who later became his wife, than he did of his life, for he risked it again and again and finally lost it in order to pay her a visit, even for an hour or so. It cannot be said that she did much toward reforming him.

In time Bill Doolin came to be regarded as a greater bandit in some ways than even the James and Younger brothers. Three of the most determined peace officers, Heck Thomas, Bill Tilghman and Chris Madsen, known as the Three Guardsmen, hunted Doolin and never gave up. They rode after him into the forest and mountain hide-outs, across miles of desert country, carrying the heavy equipment needed to keep them provisioned for an indefinite journey.

During the later years when Bill Doolin's band was being cut to pieces, he married his minister's daughter and she bore him a child. This wild, reckless man longed to put the old outlaw life behind him and start over. Although he was closely watched and hunted he gathered together household goods and provisions, loaded them in a wagon and with his wife and child started out for a quiet and lonely part of the West. When they reached Purden, Kansas, his wife wrote a letter to the owner of the hotel at Ingalls, where the famous gun battle had occurred when Rose of the Cimarron helped the gang to shoot their way through.

Deputy Sheriff Tilghman traced the letter and managed to catch Doolin in the tub, taking a bath. But the bandit was not quite naked, for under one armpit hung a holster holding a revolver. Tilghman had the drop on him and brought the bandit into Guthrie, Oklahoma Jail, from which he promptly escaped to Arkansas where he had plenty of friends. But he could not resist smoking sack for another visit to his wife which was also to be his last.

Marshal Heck Thomas had an idea that he would do that very thing and was waiting for him with a shotgun full of buckshot. When Thomas stepped out of the bushes and ordered him to surrender his answer was a bullet that missed. The marshal's gun roared and Doolin died with his boots on.

Women shed tears over Doolin's death because love brought him to it. Men like Bob Dalton's end better because he went out on a blaze of what some folks call glory, biting off two banks at once which is more than any bandit can chew.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Not Always to the Fair

By Olga A. Rosmanith

(Continued from Page 20)

where, including Patricia."

"Good gracious, as if that would enter my head!"

"Then what's your trouble? She hasn't driven him screaming into the sea."

"Don't let's quarrel," said Mrs. Willis-Hopkins, suddenly sensible for some obscure reason of her own. Cousin Hannah mentally decided to deal with Gladys later.

When the moment came, however, Gladys was not intimidated. "Well, how was I to know?" she inquired reasonably. "And if that's really Mr. Bliss-Adams, he's nice, and I don't see why he should be made miserable."

"You may as well know that Sylvia intends to ask him to leave immediately."

"Well, if she starts any more funny business in this castle I'll tell everybody about it when I get home." And I'll tell it so that somebody'll get a good laugh."

"Gladys, I never thought this of you!"

"But, Cousin Hannah, you used to have such a sense of humor."

The older woman looked at the girl's impish face, the tanned cheeks broken into faint dimples by the beginning of her dazzling grin. Curious how one could be blind to something for years through sheer mental habit. Imagine Gladys of all people landing a Bliss-Adams! Well, she had as much right as anybody else.

"Quite true, my dear. So I had. But it isn't quite gone—even here. We'll face what the morn-

(Continued on Page 22)

NEW 1937 RINSO GIVES 25 TO 50% MORE SUDS

declare women everywhere!

I TESTED THE NEW 1937 RINSO. IT GIVES HEAPS MORE SUDS THAN THE OLD... AS SAFE AS EVER, TOO!
Here's how the test was made
They shook for the same length of time equal quantities of the New and old Rinso in containers each ½ full of water. Then they measured the amount of suds. How thrilled they were with the greater amount of suds from the New Rinso. Whatever the test was made—even in hardest water—the New Rinso gave heaps more suds.

IT'S HERE! The New 1937 Rinso that is thrilling women everywhere with its richer, faster-acting, longer-lasting economy suds!

Millions of women thought it was impossible to improve Rinso. But science has at last discovered a way to make this marvelous soap *better than ever!*

Women everywhere say that by actual test the New 1937 Rinso gives 25 to 50% more suds. And how these business-like suds *soak* out dirt! Tests with 7 widely-used bar and package soaps show that the New Rinso washes clothes 5 or more shades whiter. And Rinso is so easy on colors that colorful cotton prints washed 125 times in Rinso appeared practically like the original unwashed cloth.

Soaks out dirt in 10 minutes safe for overnight soaking

The test described at the left was made by hundreds of women. Then when women used these New 1937 Rinso suds they declared that they go much farther—stand up longer—are faster-acting than ever—and get clothes at least 5 shades whiter than ordinary soaps. They also discovered that these livelier suds *soak* even the dirtiest clothes amazingly clean in as little as 10 minutes without scrubbing or boiling. Yet Rinso is safe even for overnight soaking. Clothes washed the safe, gentle Rinso way last 2 or 3 times longer.

Wonderful in washers

Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. Endorsed by the homemaking experts of 338 leading newspapers. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Rinso is marvelous for dishwashing and all cleaning, too. It washes dishes, pots and pans sparkling clean without leaving a trace of greasy film on them. As kind to hands as ever. Get the BIG package of the New Rinso today.

WOMEN ALL OVER TOWN ARE THRILLED WITH *NEW* RINSO!

GET NEW 1937 RINSO NOW AT ALL GROCERS

SEE THE RICHER, FASTER-ACTING SUDS

GET CLOTHES WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE!

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Not Always to the Fair *By Olga A. Rosmanith*

(Continued from Page 21)

ing brings us with equanimity, and now run along to bed."

"You used to have such a sense of humor!" Mrs. Carroll thought sea that penetrating remark as she lay in bed. It shed a light on many things. It might have the same effect on Sylvia. She went on a piece of paper. "My dear Sylvia—you used to have such sense of humor—let everything go now—Hannah" and slipped a note under her door.

Not fr.c of course. Mrs. Willie-Hopkin had never owned so rare a gift but the potent flattery works like heaven in the night. Mrs. Willie-Hopkins almost achieved the feat of laughing at herself. Of course, the young wretch had been having the time of his life at her expense in courtly a majestic solitude. Keeping all her other friends out, too! Well, all she had to do now was to invite a party, fill the eastlieth what he called a "horde," and he would soon experience the joy of having his luggage carried to the garden path. She came into cinnamon in the small hours of the morning, got up forthwith and sat at her writing table while dawn flowed saffron armoral in the sky. She was there, in an unsuspectedly good tear when she made her appearance for coffee and rolls on the seaward terrace later in the morning.

"All's well that ends well," she remarked to Hannah's gratified surprise.

Gladys listened in the piano with consternation. Of course, if he was Mrs. Willis-Hopkins's castle at least for the season—and she could do as she liked in it. It had been lovely while it lasted. A girl could not expect everything, least of all the high spots of romance, with a man. After breakfast she retired to her room and examined it at an angle in the mirror. No, it was hopeless. Her chin was there. Hear you are traveling in this beautiful Italy. Come to my castle and there you will enjoy beauty, solitude and peace." Lured by this picture of earthly bliss, I came and then what did the woman do?"

"I have no idea."

"Don't be, Gladys. She instructed her miserable goat of a daughter in all the tactics most calculated to drive a man gibbering into the ocean. Nightly the mother drilled her daughter, and daily the little parrot recited the lesson for the day. Well, she got a bad fright, and it served the little brute right! I lost my favorite shoes and spoiled an excellent suit, not to speak of the wear and tear on my temper and a marked intermission in my literary ability. It was right and meet that the ruthless parent should restore my nerves by housing me in solitude till I had recovered my reason."

Gladys laughed merrily, then fell adeon swiftly. She turned her face so that Phillip could see it at its most unbecoming angle.

"Tell me honestly, Phillip, is my nose as very bad?"

He did not look at the blunt profile, now too familiar to seem good or bad, but at the circle formed by wind and sun, the gleam of dark eye beneath curly lashes, the upward curving corner of the rich red mouth. He said wickedly: "Yes, Gladys, it's very much against you. Be brave and put it out of your mind."

Gladys rose from the sand beside him and walked deliberately into the sea, giving herself up to the one delight that never failed her.

* * *

IN a day or two guests began to arrive at the castle. They were everywhere, walking under the trees sitting on the terrace, exploring the gardens, shouting from the battlements, swimming in the harbor, and, oh, horror! there were at least three who were to be damned by the slippery peril of the secret path. The golden silence was rent asunder by their clamoring voices. They exclaimed over the picturesqueness, the antiquity, the splendor and the ideality of the spot. Mrs. Willis-Hopkins had made her own for the summer. Some had been difficult to persuade to venture into such an outlandish and inaccessible spot, but it soon became clear that it would be equally difficult to drive them away. The dreamy old castle had now assumed the festive air of a Summer holiday hotel. Mrs. Willis-Hopkins decided sourly. She had not even the compensation of being able to revenge herself by spreading a disagreeing bill. She waited expectantly to receive word that the lower would be vacated by its honored guest, but she waited in vain.

Siegfried's deep melancholia had given way to inexplicable high spirits. As few understood the subtlety of his satire at the expense of society, he was soon acknowledged the life and soul of the party.

Mrs. Willis-Hopkins was not a woman to learn by her mistakes. Her hopes were at once renewed by his remark that he was looking forward to seeing Patricia back, as without her the party was neither perfect nor complete. He was polite to Gladys, but in her misery she decided that it was just as if those days of heaven had never been.

* * *

GLADYS addressed her rueful image in the mirror. "Well, you know it couldn't last, and it isn't as if you weren't used to taking it right on the chin." A voice called her away from her morbid occupation of facing the facts of life in the glass, and she went to her window and looked out. It was Phillip's voice. "Come down for a walk, Gladys. You can't go to bed yet. The night's far too lovely."

"No," she called back, longing to go.

"Gladys, please. It's my last night."

"Oh, Phillip, you never told me."

"Then come down and I will."

They sat on the pine needles at the edge of the cliff and watched the wrinkled silver sea crawling beneath them very far down. "I must be stay," he explained, "to show the woman I could do everything she didn't want me to, but, after all, I couldn't. I've got some work burning in me and I must get away from these people and get it done. I shall see you back home."

Gladys nodded in the inky shadow cast by the tree against which they leaned. "I was thinking," she said irrelevantly, "that if one of these plastic surgeons fixed my nose I might'nt, after all, look so bad——"

Phillip interrupted violently: "Bleep, my poor little idiot. I fell in love with you the way you are, and if you do any such thing I won't marry you!"

"You won't what?" exclaimed Gladys.

"You have no choice in the matter, Gladys. You are my natural protector. Without you I am at the mercy of evil; you see what happens to me without you! Stop! Don't speak! I have endured enough. Now I am going to have what I want when I want it. You're worth somebody better than myself, but I'm your fate and you've got to bear it. Think you can master the strength?" Finding Gladys quite speechless, he went on. "I don't believe we can get married here and I've got to leave or these people will drive me crazy. You're the practical member of the family. Now think quickly. What are we going to do?"

Gladys drew a deep breath and blinked her eyes to get rid of that dazed feeling, and it gradually dawned on her that she was awake and it was all real. She did not feel triumph, for it did not occur to her that she was about to make a brilliant marriage. She only felt uplifted by the strange delight made of the romance that rightly belongs to youth, for she really loved him. Her heart fluttered violently as he took her in his arms. "Now, come, Gladys, you were ALWAYS so quick-witted."

She laughed then. "Well, it's all over here—the best of the Summer's gone. It's full of people and it's going to be too hot for us—the weather, I mean. Why are you always laughing at me? But, listen, Phillip darling—I don't mind being the practical member of the family for the rest of my life, and keeping dogs, friends, children and strangers away from you while you do your work, but just this once I'd like to be swept off my feet and have everything taken out of my far too capable hands."

He jumped up and pulled her to her feet, held her tightly, so tightly, for just one second, then pushed her away.

"Then go straight in and pack. And tomorrow we will start for home."

The End.

(Continued from Page 23)

The Thunder Dragon Gate by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 19)

rible crab, spider, octopus. It moved like none of them—like all three of them—raising its body up and down.

Suddenly it leaped to the floor, soundless. It crouched there, swaying as if ready for a spring. But the eye could not follow how it did move. It went monogoring like a bright green spot of light being flashed by a reflector, in a zigzag, absolutely silent course from point to point that had been touched by the rag on the end of the stick. It seemed effortless.

From the time it started, until Dowlah let go the cord that shut the lid of the cage at the end of the room, seemed to be less than a second.

"Phew!" Lewis leaned on the window-pole and wiped his forehead. "The damned thing scared me. I admit it!"

"Now you know," said Dowlah, "how the Tibetan magicians kill a victim. First, catch a female shang-shang. You're a magician all right, if you can do that without being killed. After that, contrive to touch your victim with something smelly that excites a shang-shang's anger. Human blood if you have it. Make a trail back to your shang-shang. Let her go. And you've one more mysterious murder."

"Can they catch 'em afterwards?" asked Lewis.

"I doubt it. Mrs. Shang-Shang, I imagine, makes tracks for the Hills. Her natural food is mice, snakes, birds and her unfortunate husband."

"Are you sure she is in that cage?" Tom asked. He spoke quietly, but he was holding the cyanide bottle ready to throw like a hand-grenade.

"You damned fool!" Lewis almost shouted. "She isn't in there! Look! That's her leg! She's between the cage and the wall! Look out! She's coming for us!"

Tom raised the cyanide bottle. Lewis held the window-pole like a spear. Dowlah chuckled.

"Pretty pussy! Now we have to use our guessing apparatus—oh, what?"

Lewis exploded: "Damn it, relieve it your shot-gun!"

Dowlah seized the silk shawl that had covered the nearer of the two glass cabinets. "Don't kill her! Man alive, don't kill her! Let's be scientific."

The shang-shang moved. Another leg appeared above the cabinet. It emerged. Its opal-colored eyes looked rotten. They shone in the electric light like tricks of evil.

Suddenly it darted up the wall and zigzagged across the ceiling like a silent green shadow. It vanished through the ventilator window that had opened downward when Lewis jerked away the window-pole.

"Sinners and drunkards in care of the Lord!" said Lewis. "Well, we have her." He used the pole to slam the ventilator shut. "She can't get out of there."

Dowlah exploded: "Oh, can't she?" He looked ready to do murder. "What do you know about my ventilator? You calamity! You mess! You damned——"

"Send out an alarm," said Lewis. "She'll be killing someone."

"Oh, yes! Tell 'em at the club you've seen a living shang-sang! Tell the newspapers! Tell the police! Even now you're seen as Crazy Taffy. You'll be sent home to a madhouse!"

"Remember your manners," said Lewis.

Dowlah threw himself into a chair and put both hands to his head. "I hadn't even autographed her," he moaned. She's gone, she's gone. Damn! ... she's gone. She can hide—ill—accel—she will make for

SIMPLE TREATMENT QUICKLY RELIEVES STABBING ACHES AND PAINS

● When rheumatic pains stab at joints and muscles, just remember to rub on Rheumo. Its gentle warmth soon relieves the pain either arm, back, or leg. This soothing, pain-reliever is the scientific formula of Dr. John Borgeld, of Paris. For more than 40 years it has been bringing blessed relief to sufferers all over the world. There are many imitations of this famous product. So, to avoid disappointment, be sure to get the genuine, original "Ben-Gay."

RHEUMATIC PAINS
BACKACHE
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
STIFF, SORE MUSCLES
COLDS

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WHEN you pare your corns at home you only remove the surface, with risk of severe infection. Soon the corn comes back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Use the new double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly by removing the pressure, then the entire corn lifts out Root and All in 3 short days (exceptionally severe cases may require a second application).

Blue-Jay is a tiny scientifically medicated plaster. Held snugly in place by Wet-Fruf adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. Doesn't make shoes tight. Get Blue-Jay today. 25c for a package of 6 at all druggists.

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EVERY STUDENT in America should study the exclusive and intensely interesting articles on science and invention published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. World famous scientists cover every subject, from astronomy to entomology.

BETTER STEER CLEAR OF HIM...HE'LL BITE YOUR HEAD OFF

SO RUN-DOWN AND TIRED HE COULDN'T HELP HIS BURSTS OF TEMPER

SAY-WHAT'S GOT INTO THAT GUY—HE WAS ON THE WARPATH ALL YESTERDAY, TOO. NOTHING PLEASED HIM!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM—LATELY HE USED TO BE SWELL TO WORK WITH—BUT HE'S GOT TO BE A REGULAR BEAR!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PEOPLE AROUND HERE? CAN'T FIND ANYTHING—NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING—NO COOPERATION—
IF YOU ASK ME, TOM, THE TROUBLE'S WITH YOU. YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP—YOURS HEADING FOR A BREAKDOWN

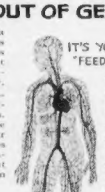
WELL, I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS WRONG. EVERYBODY GETS ON MY NERVES LATELY—AND I FEEL LIKE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD
MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE YOUR BLOOD IS UNDERFED. THAT'S WHAT DOC TOLD ME WHEN I FELT SO SOUR. HE RECOMMENDED FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST—SAID IT FEEDS THE BLOOD. IT SURE PUT ME ON MY FEET. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
THAT NIGHT
PHIL WAS TRYING TO SELL ME ON THE IDEA OF TAKING YEAST TODAY. HE CLAIMS IT PEPPED HIM UP. I WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO IT?
I'D CERTAINLY TRY IT. GOODNESS KNOWS, IF YOU'RE AS JUMPY AT THE OFFICE AS YOU ARE AT HOME, I FEEL SORRY FOR THEM. I'LL GET SOME TOMORROW

A FEW WEEKS LATER
PHIL, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THAT TIP YOU GAVE ME ABOUT YEAST. THE WORLD CERTAINLY LOOKS BRIGHTER SINCE I'VE BEEN EATING IT—AND BOY, DO I FEEL BETTER!
WELL, YOU CERTAINLY DON'T ACT LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON

DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING OUT OF GEAR

IT'S not surprising if you feel a bit run-down and tired at this time of year. Usually this means your blood is *underfed* and is not carrying enough food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your body.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with essential vitamins and other food elements. Then your blood can take up more and better nourishment from your food and carry it to your muscles and nerves. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water. Begin today.



IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something that will help your blood take up more nourishment from your food.

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VITAMINS A. B. G and D

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER

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Fruit Pies That Are Different

By Mrs. Christine Frederick

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

FOLLOWING-UP my recent article on this page—"Winter Fruit Pies With Personality"—I present these recipes for readers who enjoy variety in their pies.

Grapefruit Pie: One cup grapefruit juice, ½ cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons cornstarch, ½ cup cold water, 2 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon grated rind of grapefruit, 2 egg whites, 4 tablespoons powdered sugar. 1 baked pastry shell. Use double-boiler. Heat juices, sugar, and salt. Blend cornstarch and water and add, stirring until thickened. Cook 10 minutes. Pour some of mixture over beaten yolks and return to cook 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove, add butter and grated rind. Chill thoroughly and pour into pastry shell. Cover with meringue made of whipped whites and sugar. Brown in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees. This recipe makes one six-portion pie.

Banana Tapioca Custard Pie: Three tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca, grains salt, 2 cups milk, ½ cup orange juice, 1 egg yolk, beaten, 1 tablespoon cold water, ⅓ cup sugar, ripe bananas, 1 egg white, whipped, ¼ cup sugar, and cocoanut. 1 baked pastry shell. Use double-boiler and make custard of tapioca, salt, and milk, cooking 15 minutes until clear, stirring frequently. Add beaten yolk, water and sugar. Cook until thick. Remove. Line baked crust with sliced bananas and pour some resulted custard over them. Repeat layer of bananas and custard until crust is filled. Make meringue of whipped white and sugar, sprinkle cocoanut over top, and brown in a moderate oven, or at about 325 degrees. This recipe makes one nine-inch pie.

Mock Cherry Pie: Three cups cranberries, chopped, 1 cup seedless raisins, 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon almond extract, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 recipe plain pastry. Combine chopped berries with all ingredients except butter and arrange in pie-shell. Dot with butter. Roll upper crust thin and place on pie. Prick for escaping steam and seal edges with fork. Bake 35 to 45 minutes in a quick oven, or at about 450 degrees. pineapple or orange juice may be substituted for water. This recipe makes one nine-inch pie. You will like it.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Grapejuice, Whole Grain Cereal, Apple Waffles, Sausage Cakes, Milk or Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Strips, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Cereal, Rice Fritata Pancakes, Bacon, Coffee.	Canned Peaches, Cereal, Poached Eggs on Toasted Cheese Bread, Coffee.	Prunes with Orange Juice, Cereal, Soft Cooked Egg, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Pineapple, Cereal, Shirred Eggs, Toast, Date Honey Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	Apricots, Cereal, Rolled Oatlet, Toasted Muffins, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Lima Bean Tuna Fish Sandwiches, Hot Tomato Juice, Glorified Rice Pudding, Tea.	Fruit Cup, Eggs Scrambled with Tomatoes, Bacon, Green Salad Bowl, Toasted French Bread Surprise, Tea or Cocoa.	Lima Beans Hollandaise, Stuffed Dill Pickle Salad, Iceflex Graham Rolls, Lettuce Apple Sauce Cake or Date Roll, Coffee.	Hot Vegetable Soup, Bread Sticks, Jellied Cranberry Salad, Raisin Bread, Celery, Baked Custard, Lace Cookies.	Oysters and Carrots, Baked Potatoes, Beet Relish, Apple Waffles with Syrup, Tea.	Cereal with Cream, Cheese Frosting.	Meat Loaf with Mushroom Sauce, Steamed Rice, Green Beans, Celery, Romaine Salad, Hot Fig Pudding with Frozen Whipped Cream, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper (Company)*
Sauerkraut Juice, Cocktail, Mexican Cuailas Alcholado, Baked Sweet Potatoes, String Beans, Upside Down Prune and Apricot Cake.	Economy Bonjue, Baked Slice of Ham, Steamed Rice au Sump, Brussels Sprouts with Chestnuts, Green Tomato Pickles, Lemon Ice-Box Cake.	Cream of Canned Beef Shortcake, Cinnamon Apple Salad, Caramel Blancmange.	Lamb Stew with Vegetables and Paprika Dumplings, Mustard Pickles, Radish Roses, Old Fashioned Jelly Roll.	Stewed Fish with Tomato Potatoes, Broccoli with Lemon, Floating Island.	Cheese Frosting. *Dinner* Swiss Steak, Baked Potatoes or Buttered Noodles, Red and White Cabbage Slaw, Fruit Trifle.	Cream Beef Salad, Sandwiches, Rolls, Salted Nuts, Sour Milk Chocolate Cup Cakes with Orange Frosting.

The Thunder Dragon Gate

by Talbot Mundy

(Continued from Page 22)

the open country—into the Hills. Whoever sees her will believe his eyes have found him out. Snakes will get the credit for any performing she does. Lewis, you catastrophe, get out of here! You Welsh jink! Help yourself to whisky and go away. Leave me alone with my nerves."

"I will leave you alone with Tom Grayne," Lewis answered. "Yes, I need a drink, please."

Dowlah got up to pour whisky for Lewis. He was studying Tom so intently that he poured the tumbler nearly half full. Then the soda ran over the top. He handed the drink to Lewis without looking at him. Still studying Tom, he poured an equally strong drink for himself. He sulped half of it, turned to face Tom, stared hard at him, swallowed the rest of the drink, set the glass down and said mysteriously:

"Yes, I will talk to Tom Grayne. Lewis, tell the servant to get you a taxi."

CHAPTER VII.
Dowlah's Proposition.

WHEN Lewis left the room Dowlah sat down facing Tom. Tom spoke first.

"I have an idea."

"People who don't drink don't have ideas. It isn't done," said Dowlah. "There are probably less than a dozen shang-shangs in existence. I stole that one at the risk of my life. It was brought to Delhi secretly, to frighten Thu-pa-ga into obedience. I'm as like as not to be murdered for having stolen it, and now it's gone! Don't talk to me about ideas!"

"If we should open that ventilator," Tom continued, "the brute might return. We could catch her." He went and opened the ventilator. "Have you, for instance, a big butterfly net on a fairly long pole?"

"She won't come back. She could slip through a mouse-hole. She's too quick to be caught. You couldn't hit her with a shotgun. Don't talk like a cuckoo." Dowlah paused and stared hard. "Who is this girl who came with you to Delhi? I will save you the trouble of lying. Her name is Elsa Burbage. You are an American spy. You needn't be about that, either."

"Miss Burbage is a tourist," said Tom. "I know her slightly."

Dowlah's lip curled. "What's she good at?" He helped himself to more whisky.

"You fire first," Tom answered. "Nobody has told me you're a good egg."

Dowlah looked baffled. He appeared to be in haste to pierce Tom's armor of reserve. "She has been shopping," he said. "All afternoon, with a Japanese named Eiji Sarao. She has been talking about you. How do you like that?"

"Why should I care?" Tom asked.

"Well," and Dowlah "why do you think they sent you here? They saw that fellow Lewis as a go-between because he's too stupid to know what he's doing. I warn you, if you and I can't see it off, you are out for the count. You can go home. Tell your Number One in Washington to change your milk. That girl is worth a dozen of you."

"You have been trying to make her talk," Tom answered. "That is true."

"She has talked," said Dowlah.

Tom remained belligerently silent. Instead Dowlah tried another angle.

"If I should help you into Tibet, then what?"

"Nothing. I don't need any help from you. Where's Elsa Burbage?"

Hah! Pricked him. Eiji Sarao knew that he saw you two together in London. Is she your woman?"

"Ask her."

"It is already known by the wrong people in Delhi that you brought Thu-pa-ga from London, and that she came on the same plane. There are three mutually antagonistic groups in Delhi, each of which wants Thu-pa-ga. They don't want you. Your life is worth about a minute's purchase."

"My insurance is paid," Tom answered. "Show your hand, if you want to see mine. You talk first."

Dowlah drank deep. "How is this, then? Thu-pa-ga is sentimental about Elsa Burbage. They can't get him to go to sleep. He wants to leave the hospital to go in search of her. He insists on talking to the nurse about her. He keeps asking them to phone to her to come and see him."

"And?" Tom waited.

"How long has he known her? Pretty quick work, eh, what? Women are dangerous. But I take it you're no moon-calf. Probably you saved her life. Can you make her obey?"

"You haven't told me anything I didn't know," Tom answered. "What are you driving at?"

"If you and she can tune into my wave, I can make you an offer."

"Thu-pa-ga, I suppose?"

"Yes. Thu-pa-ga, in Tibet, is worth more than an army. That is why three sets of experts are trying to get possession of him. Mind you, experts. They don't dare, of course, to kidnap him in Delhi. But they're laying for him. You and she and I could give 'em all the slip. He isn't under arrest in the hospital, but how many people know that? She could fetch him away. Lewis couldn't say no to it."

Tom grinned. "Then what?"

Dowlah banged his tumbler on the table beside him:

"Forced march into Tibet, by a secret route that I know. find the Thunder Dragon Gate—I know where it is—and play up Thu-pa-ga's religious standing for all it's worth. It means the driver's seat on the Asiatic warwave that is coming, as surely as you and I live!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3601—A GAY DECEIVER THIS "BASIC" FROCK, FOR ITS MANY NECKLINE CHANGES MAKE IT SEEM LIKE A COMPLETE WARDROBE-IN-ONE. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅝ yard 1½-inch ribbon.

Pattern 3599—DRESS UP YOUR ORDINARY DAYS WITH THIS LOVE OF A HOUSE FROCK! IT'S TOUP PERIL IS GUARANTEED TO BANISH THE BLUES. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3600—THEY'RE THE HANDIEST TWOSOMES YOU EVER SAW—THIS GAY APRON PAIR. AT THEIR BEST IN COLOR-FAST COTTON. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size apron A requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch fabric and 9 yards ½-inch lace, apron B, 1⅜ yards 36-inch fabric and 11 yards 1-inch binding.

Pattern 3598—IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A SLIM 'N TRIM FLATTERER, MAKE UP THIS CHARMING WASH FROCK IN BRIGHT-HUED COTTON PRINT. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3603—YOUR BEDROOM'S SURE TO WELCOME A HIT OF DRESS-UP! SO CROCHET AN EXQUISITE SPREAD MADE OF THIS SIMPLE MEDALLION. Pattern 3603 contains complete directions for making the medallion shown and for joining it; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed.

Pattern 3602—WHEN A CUTE MISS IS FROM "TWO TO TEN" SHE'LL ADORE A PANTIE-FROCK WITH PUFFY SLEEVES AND ROOMY PLEATS. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

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You can now make at home a lotion that has remedied thousands of cases of gray hair. Simple recipe. To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can get this up at small cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the shade you desire appears. Barbo Compound is guaranteed to be harmless. Added to gray hair it gives it a beautiful soft lustre. It will not color the scalp, will not rub off, nor wash out in shampooing. Barbo Compound is sold by druggists everywhere on a money back guarantee. Advertisement.

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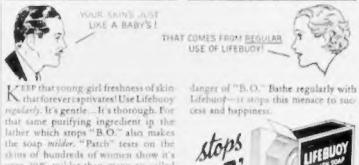
NORWEGIAN SARDINES

I know plenty ABOUT THE BOSS

I DON'T SEE WHY HE TAKES IT OUT ON HER... JUST BECAUSE HIS GIRL WENT BACK ON HIM
AND I KNOW WHY DAVES GIRL WALKED OUT. AND, BELIEVE ME, I'M GOING TO TELL HIM!

FORGET I'M THE BOSS FOR A FEW MINUTES, BEN, AND GIVE ME THE LOW-DOWN
I'VE DARNED NEAR PUT MY FOOT IN MANY TIMES LATELY, BUT I HAVE NOTICED BOTH HERE AND AT THE CLUB YOU'RE NOT USING LIFEBUOY THESE DAYS
YOU SEE, DAVE, THERE'S A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT IN LIFEBUOY THAT KEEPS A FELLOW SAFE FROM B.O. THAT'S IN MANY OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAPS
I BEGIN TO SEE THE LIGHT! THANKS, OLD MAN

BELIEVE ME, BEN, I'LL NEVER USE ANYTHING BUT LIFEBUOY AGAIN. IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A MILLION. FULL OF PEP AND ZIP
"B.O." GONE... Romance flourishes
I DROPPED IN TO TAKE YOU TO LUNCH
AND YOU TWO ARE GETTING ALONG THESE DAYS
BY THUNK! BEN, YOU'LL GET A RAISE FOR THIS!



KEEP that young-girl freshness of skin that's forever aprivates! Use Lifebuoy *regularly*. It's gentle... It is thorough. For that same purifying ingredient in the lather which stops "B.O." also makes the soap *milder*. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it's over 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."

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stops 'B.O.'

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VALENTINE'S DAY, FEB. 14

Swing into the Party Spirit!

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, FEB. 22

AUNT JEMIMA'S MID-WINTER FESTIVAL

brings you bright and festive hot-cake menus for meals in the party mood

FOUR MORE HIT MEALS *of Aunt Jemima's*

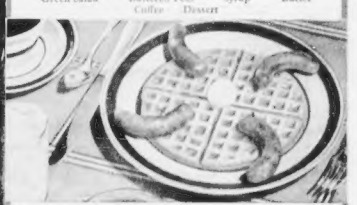
★ WINTER FESTIVAL DINNER ★

Tomato Cocktail

AUNT JEMIMA WRAPPED SAUSAGES

Wrap pancake around sausage and plate. To make glaze boil one cupful of maple syrup to which is added one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Don't stir as it cooks!

Green Salad — Buttered Peas — Syrup — Butter — Coffee — Dessert



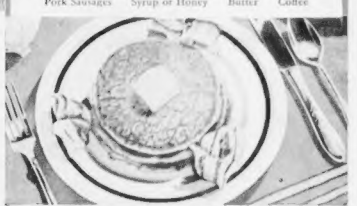
★ TOASTED COCOANUT WAFFLES ★

Chilled Orange Juice

AUNT JEMIMA TOASTED COCOANUT WAFFLES

(Before baking, sprinkle on each waffle ¼ cup of shredded cocoanut)

Pork Sausages — Syrup or Honey — Butter — Coffee



★ AMERICAN BUCKWHEAT BREAKFAST ★

Orange Juice

AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS

made from easy directions on package

Syrup or Warm Honey — Crisp Bacon — Butter — Coffee

★ DIXIE PANCAKE BREAKFAST ★

Stewed Prunes or Apricots

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES

made from easy directions on the package

Syrup — Butter — Coffee

Just like a Horn of Plenty —

AUNT JEMIMA'S MAGIC SHELF

at your grocer's, runs over with scrumptious fixin's on sale for these festive hot-cake menus

• Right in tune with the spirit of mid-winter party days, Aunt Jemima announces her MID-WINTER FESTIVAL MENUS! A sparkling array of jolly and tempting hot-cake meals, guaranteed to fire the heart of any husband with the sheer joy of living.

When you visit your grocer's, look for AUNT JEMIMA'S MAGIC SHELF, with all the fixin's for these festive menus! Or just phone, and tell the store which meal you want. Anything you need will be delivered all in one order!

One! Two! Three! an' you got perfect hot cakes!

1. Just mix equal parts of Aunt Jemima's Ready-Mix with milk or water. Don't prepare anything.
2. Have griddle or skillet just hot enough. To test, put a drop of water on griddle. If it goes right up in a puff of steam, griddle is too hot. If it bounces around a second before evaporating, griddle is hot enough.
3. Use a pad to grease griddle lightly. Pour batter. Bake each side to a golden brown.

To make 'em quick and get 'em fluffy, insist on —

AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX

RED PACKAGE FOR PANCAKES... *YELLOW PACKAGE* FOR BUCKWHEATS